Vol. CXXXVIII. No. 1799.

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THE BYSTANDER JUNE 8, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.—Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. W'ld ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. Grill. Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150r. fr. 6.-, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds From R.M.4

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Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of Internationa name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

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Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus and Rest. Hundseck (2,952 ft.)—Sit. on Black Ft. 160 beds. Mod. comf. Pen. fr. R.M.7 to R.M.9

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Sasbachwalden.—Bl. For.—Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. from Baden-Baden, a country house—private swim. pool.—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class Full illustrated prospectus on demand

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis Garage Pen. from Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M.12

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(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

The Bystander

Hurrell, Hollywood

Olympe Bradna—a Star in a Year

A year ago Olympe Bradna's name didn't exist in Hollywood; to-day she 's a star. A talent scout saw good in her singing and dancing in the New York *Folies Bergère* production, carried her off west to a small part in *Three Cheers for Love*. Then she made *Souls at Sea* with George Raft, then *Stolen Heaven* with Gene Raymond (it has just been shown at the Plaza), and now at eighteen she is the youngest star on the Paramount pay-roll. Parents—a famous pair of bare-back riders, later turned music hall artists; home town—Paris; first success—in the French version of *Hit the Deck* at eight years old; qualifications — her looks, a gay personality, her voice, her dancing, and the stage in her blood

Dances : Derby and Caledonian

The Duchess of Gloucester Arrives

The Duchess of Gloucester went to the Derby Ball (so did the Duke) ; here she is with Sir John Milbanke, whose wife was joint - chairman with Mrs. James Field

Lady Ursula Manners and the Hon. Ivor Guest

Lady Ursula Manners' mother, the Duchess of Rutland, was a patron of the Derby Ball. Ivor Guest is Lord Wimborne's son and heir.

Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, wearing a splendid necklace, took a party to the Derby Ball which included the Hon. Michael Berry (and his wife, Lady Pamela Berry)

Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow and the Hon. Michael Berry

Lord Cadogan and Lady Daphne Straight

Lord Cadogan and his wife and Lady Daphne Straight and her husband were in a party together at Grosvenor House, where the Ball was held. It is an annual Derby week event in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital

The Aga Khan and Lady Mary Dunn

The Aga Khan, majestically sitting out, gave Lady Mary Dunn his opinion on the Derby —which was that Pasch would win. His two entries were Mirza II. and Tahir

The Hon. Ann Forbes-Sempill and Lord Sempill

Ann Forbes-Sempill, Lord Sempill's elder daughter, eighteen this year, danced in one of the famous set reels with which the Caledonian Ball opens

Mlle. Corinne Luchaire

The young French film star, not to be outdone by the Highland socialites in their tartans and tiaras, wore a frilled tulle hat and muff

The Duchess of Atholl and Lord Dunmore

The Duchess of Atholl and Lord Dunmore, V.C., led the procession before the set reels with Lady Dunmore (who arranged the reels) and Sir Colin MacRae of Feoirlinn

Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe Fraser

Viscount Fincastle and Miss Vaughan Lee

Below: the Hon. Patrick and Mrs. Balfour were talking to Lord Kelburn, who is a Lieutenant in the Navy and married Dorothea Lyle last year. Mrs. Balfour is the daughter of the late Captain George Culme-Seymour

Below: Lord Craven is with Mr. Edward de Muralt and Miss Jean Weir. He is in the Coldstream Guards (Supplementary Reserve); comes of age in September this year

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Radziwill-Oldenburg in Paris

Prince Domenic Radziwill, a member of one of Poland's most famous families, married Princess Eugenie of Greece, cousin of the reigning king, at St. Louis des Invalides, Paris. His mother was a Hapsburg, hers is a Bonaparte

THE Czechoslovak crisis has, at the moment of writing, died down, and the German Press, after days of violence against Britain and Mr. Chamberlain in particular, has suddenly switched round and is praising us and our Premier like billy-ho. The point at issue in the German Press seems to have jumped abruptly from the wrongs of the German Minority to the claim of the British Government to have won a diplomatic triumph in smoothing down the crisis, and then to have jumped again to something else which I do not understand. It is recognised that the modern dictator reserves the right to look after his fellow-countrymen in every country in the world. But it is recognised even more clearly that the modern dictator cannot allow anybody else to score a diplomatic victory. But why the German newspapers should have suddenly turned round again is very queer.

THE first switch—that is to say, from the protection of the Sudeten Germans to the denial of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy—is perfectly understandable. The second switch—from decrying Mr. Chamberlain to praising him—is very obscure. But then, totalitarian propaganda is always a bit obscure, especially when it is in the hands of three such diverse characters as Herr Hitler, Doctor Goebbels, and Field-Marshal Goering. Of these three, the little Doctor is far the most fiery, the Field-Marshal the most bellicose, and the Führer the steadiest. But it is a precarious balance, and by the time this appears in print and the Whitsun holiday is over, any one of the three may have tilted the balance against the other two.

AS for the municipal elections in Czechoslovakia, they seem to have been carried out with great restraint on both sides. In one town, for example, almost exclusively German, the anti-German parties did very much better than was expected, but as *The Times* correspondent wrote, "their satisfaction was not expressed by demonstrations, but by much cheerful discussion, beer, and billiards in the local public-houses. A concert by the town band was arranged to bring the day to a fitting end." Good humour at an election on the Continent is sufficiently rare nowadays to be recorded.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP made a significant statement on defence in the House of Commons. Having explained that the Government did not wish to change the voluntary system of recruiting, he added almost casually: "All our plans envisage the setting up of a competent authority which will have power to allocate to everybody his proper position in time of war, according to age and capacity." This could only mean some form of conscription if war breaks out, and it came as a severe blow to the many thousand ex-officers (among them myself) who had set their hearts on securing in the next war the post of Railway Transport Officer at Stornoway.

BUT hope revived on the very day after the Minister of Co-ordination made his announcement. Most unexpectedly the Prime Minister denied that there was any idea of getting a Conscription Act ready. This greatly puzzled the House of Commons, and Mr. Wedgwood Benn quoted from *Hansard* of the day before the question that had been put to Sir Thomas Inskip: "Is there in existence a Conscription Act which will put everybody in his appropriate niche?" to which Sir Thomas replied: "I said so as plainly as I could." The Prime Minister was then asked whether he rejected that statement. "No, sir," he snapped vigorously. On Wednesday he cleared up the puzzle by stating that plans for compulsory military service on the outbreak of war have existed since 1922.

A REMARKABLE attack was made last week on Imperial Airways by members of all parts of the House, and sufficient evidence was brought forward against the administration of the company to justify the deep sense of uneasiness with which Parliament listened to the allegations. In particular the reports of conditions in Karachi cannot be left where they are. Either an inquiry must be held or else a ruthless reorganisation must be carried out.

A NEW political party has been founded by Colonel John Brown, famous British Legionary. His principal lieutenants at the moment seem to be Major Yeats Brown, the Bengal Lancer and Yogi-expert, and Colonel Seton Hutchison, who wrote *The W.-Plan*. What the new party stands for, except the public burning of Communist literature, is not yet clear, but in these dull days anything like a circus is welcome.

NO one claims more loudly to be up to date than the average American newspaper. Last week's *Saturday Evening Post*, that celebrated weekly journal published in Philadelphia, contained an article on British unemployment and the "dole," which was either flagrantly ignorant or else was deliberately designed to paint a picture of England as it was in the depths of the slump. For example, it described the plight of Jarrow without a single reference to the new industries which are springing up in that town under the driving and beneficent influence of Sir John Jarvis, M.P. It described the plight of the unemployed skilled man as it was long before

(*Concluded on page 382*)

Benes of Bohemia

Two of the strongest unifying forces among the Magyars, Ruthenes, Slovaks, Poles, Germans and Czechs in Czechoslovakia are Roman Catholicism and physical fitness. In 1862, Dr. Miroslav Tyrs, a high-brow statesman genre Masaryk, founded the Czechoslovenski Sokol, a movement to promote deep breathing, high thinking and autonomy from the Hapsburg Empire. To-day the Sokol numbers nearly one of the country's sixteen millions, claims to ignore age, sex or class distinctions, is mildly comparable with Nazism in that it helps followers in public life (Henlein was a "cultural officer"). President Eduard Benes is the dynamic patron of the Sokol and practises its preaching at his little estate at Sezimovo Usti. Polyglot gymnasts of the Sokol gather every six years for a mass display in the Masaryk Stadium, Prague (opposite), one of which is due this year, and Benes tells them: "We must keep fit—for defence"

Fitness in Czechoslovakia

Benes Sponsors a Unifying Force

"We must keep fit—for defence"

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 389)

rearmament set the heavy trades booming. And it described, in the third week of May, the workers of Glasgow getting some help from the erection of the "forthcoming" Glasgow Exhibition, the Exhibition having been opened three weeks before that issue of the *Evening Post* appeared. This may be skilful anti-British propaganda, but it is downright rotten journalism.

It is reported from Erivan, the capital of Armenia, that wreckers and foreign spies have been doing some pretty dirty work among the silk-worms and mulberry-trees of the Soviet States Silk Trust. I would be the last person to make any cracks about wreckers going round the mulberry-tree, but I must point out that this disastrous activity at last makes out of date that immortal poem of "Beachcomber's" (based, surely, upon another immortal poem by someone else), which runs :

I said to *my* silk-worm
"Oh, Mr. Silk-worm,
I'd rather be a silk-worm
Than anything, far!"
And nursie says he answered,
Nursie says he shouted,
"You wish you were a silk-worm?
You little
Prig,
You
ARE!"

It has been suggested that this country might well present to France a picture by Turner. There are at present two small Turners in the Louvre in the deplorably small group of British pictures, and there are many lovers of art in France and elsewhere who are perpetually astonished to hear that there is any such a thing as British painting. We could well afford to dish out a few Turners, not only to the Louvre but to every art gallery, public or private, in the world. The nation owns about 30,000 paintings and drawings, of which about 20,000 are by Turner.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is back in London, this time at the Scala Theatre, for a season of seven weeks, with Mr. Martyn Green playing Sir Henry Lytton's old parts. The house, I know, will be crowded afternoons and evenings, but I shall not be there. I cannot see Gilbert and Sullivan any longer, not because I dislike them or because I am among those silly and superior people who say that they "date," but because my memory of them goes back to the days of Fred Billington, Leicester Tunks, Strafford Moss, and the lovely Miss Clara Dow of the pre-war years when the world was still gay. I do not want to lose a romance of yesteryear.

It was surprising how many expert and experienced sports-writers hailed Mr. Charles Yates as the fourth American to win our Amateur Championship of golf. A few were clever enough to remember that Mr. Robert Sweeny, who won last year, brought the number, with Mr. Jesse Sweetser, Mr. R. T. Jones and Mr. Lawson Little, up to five, and hardly a single one recalled that Mr. Walter Travis won in 1904 with his black cigar and his terrible Schenectady putter.

A new Benevolent Fund is being instituted to help ex-boxers, and others associated with the boxing profession, who have fallen on evil days. It is a fund in a good cause. Many years ago Bombardier "Billy" Wells said to me sadly, "You would hardly believe the difference between being champion and ex-champion." And often one hears of men who once drew thousands to applaud their skill and courage, walking the streets now in poverty. The new fund will be launched with a big tournament either at the Empress Stadium or at the new Earl's Court in about five weeks. Heredity will out, and the founder of the fund and guarantor of the expenses of the tournament is the Marquess of Queensberry, grandson of the framer of the famous rules.

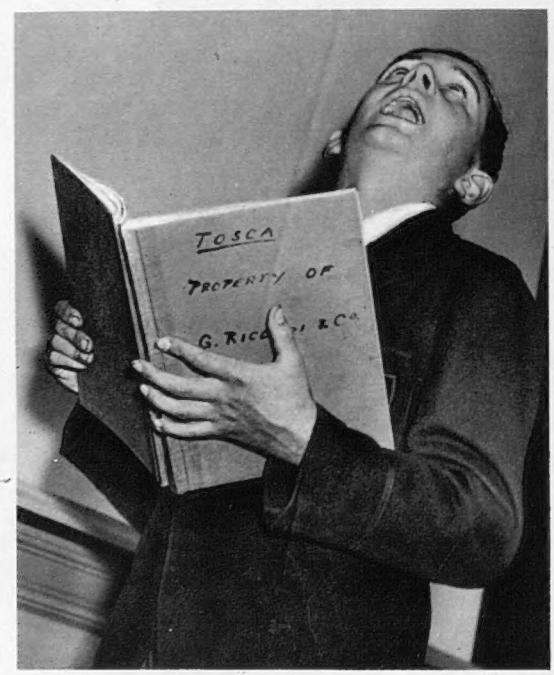
Australia's famous batsmen came very poorly out of their match at Lord's against Middlesex. After a month of hard, easy wickets against not very strong bowling, they came to Lord's and found moisture on the ground. The wicket was not really sticky, but even the suggestion of damp seems to have scared them, for their batting was ridiculously feeble. The great Bradman was missed almost at once off a rustic swipe, and soon after was caught off another. He will have to play some great innings on broken turf before he can be classed with Hobbs. That he is the greatest hard-wicket batsman in the world is without doubt.

The racing correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* has discovered the delightful story that Tennyson, in 1879, finding that a horse in the Derby had the same name as a hero of one of his early poems, put a fiver on it at 20 to 1. Sir Bevys, for that was its name, was one of the worst horses who ever won the Derby, and the punting poet netted a cool hundred.

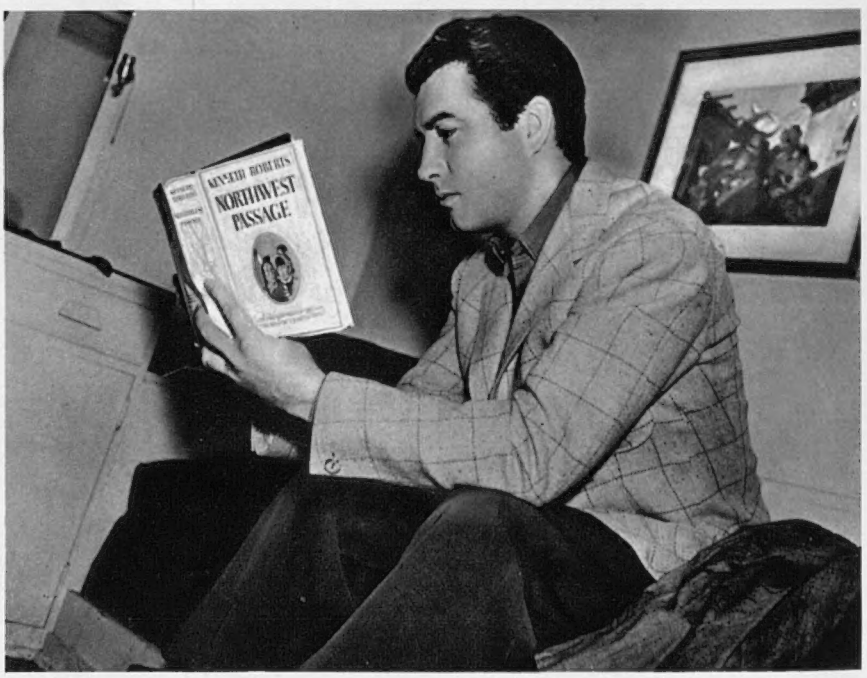
Lady Elizabeth Townshend: An Apology

We much regret that the caption published with the photograph of Lady Elizabeth Townshend in our issue of April 27th contained statements which were incorrect.

Lady Elizabeth Townshend, in fact, photographs very well for screen purposes; she has never laid aside her screen ambitions, and proposes to proceed with a career which will embrace both stage and screen.



***Singing** with Gigli as the shepherd child in "La Tosca" was the honour that drew 200 aspirants to a Covent Garden test; choirboy James Moran won it*



***Reading** Kenneth Roberts' "Northwest Passage" is Robert Taylor, now embarked on this leviathan (world sales of half a million) after finishing "Gone with the Wind" which he started in "A Yank at Oxford." Taylor will be seen in the narrator's part of Langdon Towne, Spencer Tracy plays Major Rogers, in M.-G.-M.'s film of "Northwest Passage," the first technicolour from their studios*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir John Reith of the B.B.C.

The Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation, like the Governor of the Bank of England, with whom he went cruising early this year, shuns publicity. Perhaps it is the very way Sir John Reith keeps out of the news that puts him in it, journalists and rumour being what they are. But just now he cannot avoid some limelight, for he has completed fifteen years at the head of the B.B.C. It was in 1922 that he went to Savoy Hill from a distinguished engineering career which had landed him via Glasgow, the R.E.'s in France, and Whitehall to the general managership of Wm. Beardmore's, of Coatbridge. His first B.B.C. title was General Manager, his second, Managing Director. Now, as Director-General, he caters for eight and a half million listeners. He is the son of a Scottish manse

Around Paris

Mme. Antonin de Mun wore a cockade on her hat, a big, old-fashioned ornament on her lapel. She and her husband are invited to meet the King and Queen when they visit Paris

Comtesse Guy de Bourg de Bozas

Was walking her bulldog on a showery afternoon; gave a big pre-Whitsun party in her Boulevard St. Germain home; is the daughter of Fuller Feder, the American yachtsman

Comtesse Olivier de la Moussaye

Mme. de la Moussaye wore a lilac woollen suit, blue shirt and gloves, and a tilted basket hat. She is Mrs. Reginald Fellowes' daughter by her first husband, the late Prince Jean de Broglie

Comtesse Antonin de Mun

Right: a Longchamp snapshot of Mme. Dubois. She and her husband had planned a Le Touquet Whitsun

Madame "Edy" Dubois

Señora Jean Lariviere

Señora Lariviere forsook her car for foot exercise in the Bois; is the wife of the First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires at the Argentine Embassy in Paris

Mrs. Moffat and Comtesse de Gontaut-Biron

The bicycling pair, brave but wobbly, take their Bois exercise on wheels. Mrs. John Moffat and her husband had just got back after a fortnight in London

Mme. Dufaur, Mme. Dupuy

Mme. Chrisian Dufaur (June O'Malley-Keyes that was) and Mme. Jean Dupuy were en route for a Rond Point tea. Mme. Dupuy was American Dorothy Spreckles; her mother-in-law, Mme. Paul Dupuy, owns "Le Petit Parisien"

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 74

Bud Flanagan

ENGLAND'S greatest low comedian, who is in such high spirits at the Adelphi, is the son of Polish émigrés who had to dodge a pogrom to reach this country and then became sweated labour in the East End; 12s. 6d. a week was all that Bud Flanagan's father got for an eighty-hour week. Yet he saved enough to send him to Townley Castle School, Ramsgate. But Bud had seen enough. At the age of thirteen he ran away to sea, joining the old Majestic as electrician's apprentice. After twenty-four hours he was degraded to peeling potatoes. But at least he got to New York, where he jumped ship and wandered down Delancey Street. He had no plans, when he was recognised by a Londoner who had lived four doors away from him at home and who staked him to the five dollars necessary for the uniform of a Western Union messenger-boy. After one month of this, Bud decided to become a pugilist. He was promised five dollars for a four-round preliminary under the moniker of Luke McGluke. But one punch from the San Francisco Crab k.o.'d him, and he wasn't even paid. We next find him as a newsboy outside the McAlpine Hotel, where one of his regular clients was George M. Cohen. After weeks of pestering him, and swearing that he was a natural-born juggler, Bud got the part of a bell-hop in *Broadway Jones*. Then he joined up with an American (afterwards killed) and called the act Wayne and Scott. For three years they did burlesque in the U.S., South Africa and Australia. Then came the war. Bud joined the R.F.A., paid a sergeant a fiver to get to France by Christmas, and joined the trench-mortars.

AT this stage I ought to tell you that his real name is Robert Winthrop—a corruption of his father's Polish name. But early on in the war a sergeant-major named Flanagan crimed him on every possible occasion. So that when Bud was finally wounded he swore that he would take his name so that he should never forget him. Which he did. It was in Poperinghe that he first met Chesney Allen at an estaminet. Ches. was as smart a lancer as Bud was, I suspect, a ragamuffin gunner. It was in a camp-concert in Deauville that he met his first post-war partner, Roy Henderson, and with him toured Scotland for three years after the war, getting meat-pies thrown at him at Wick, but averaging £10 a week for the pair of them. Cinemas, however, were rapidly ousting the music-halls. The act broke up, and Bud, having saved £200, bought a taxicab for £120, and started right off on the London streets; following omnibuses most of the way, as he had managed to avoid the usual street examination. This was fine work—before the Green Line buses and the baby cars. On Christmas Eve, 1922, Bud actually made £38 from 9 a.m. to 4 a.m., and he averaged £12 to £14. Then came an unfortunate running-down accident, and it took all his savings to get clear of it. This time he was flat broke; but knowing that they liked him in Glasgow, he walked there. This took three weeks. But his old landlady was delighted to see him, gave him £7 and a suit of her late husband's clothes—which was all that he wanted to start in the show business again. Within twenty-four hours he had found a partner, Tommy Hunter, and they had a booking for the next night at the Star, Bridgetown.

FROM that day, Bud has never had a single week out of work. But it was Florrie Forde who really "made" him. She brought him and Hunter into her touring revues, raising him to £40 a week after six years. What's more, Chesney Allen turned out to be her general-manager. So when Florrie closed down her tours, the now famous team came into actual being—opening at the Argyll in Birkenhead, and never looking back. For within a fortnight, George Black, thanks again to Florrie Forde, gave them six dates at the Holborn Empire and another six at the Palladium, where they became the resident comedians, and to which they return for another two years when *Happy Returns* ultimately folds. In the meantime, they have made a number of films, have become B.B.C. favourites, written sketches and many of their own songs. For Bud, being a true comedian, can turn on the tears at the drop of a hat. As to his private life, he has given up racing since Newbury Spring Meeting last year; has a handicap of 24; a house at Ferring-on-Sea; a flat in Portman Square; a wife (the former Alice Terry, the mimic), and a son; the greatest possible admiration for Beatrice Lillie as an artist, and a passion for the most complicated practical jokes. His only superstition is knitting in the wings or on the set. His only passion outside the theatre is chemin de fer. His only bête noire is the man who sold up his first home—in Brixton, ten years ago. Even the original Flanagan, now a barman in Islington, is forgiven.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Remember me, Mr. Gibson? I used to be your cashier "

JUNGLES in India are fast being emptied of their fauna, according to a complaint in *The Times*, by sahibs (also Oriental potentates) who dazzle black buck, leopards, tigers, and other game with the spotlights of their cars, run them down on the road, or sit up all night over the water-holes. Which doesn't seem frightfully sporting, and is hardly a credit to the Raj. " Decent people have no truck with it," says Dr. Edward Thompson, citing complaints from Indian papers, " but there are plenty of others." It is a little perturbing, in our view, to find sahibs on safari adopting the methods of the flash modern poacher in the Home Counties. One of the *Punch* jokes we remember in the early days of the war showed the stolid German sportsman machine-gunning partridges and big game alike, the inference — enjoyed especially by retired majors who got an O.B.E. for chasing dachshunds off the streets of Kensington—being that that was just too utterly Boche for words; yet is there much difference between this and the modern jungle method? Bombing wild duck from airplanes will be the next novelty. If we sound bitter it is because we are thinking of the honour of British Sport, and because the situation in India is ticklish enough already.

The introduction of the explosive ball into cricket is another thing we deplore. For the sake of England our lads of the sacred willow suffer enough already without being maimed or, in some cases, blown to pieces. Hacking the bowler with 5-inch steel boot-spikes as he takes his run is nothing in comparison. Another unsporting, un-English and subversive tendency we notice in cricket is allowing amateurs to talk to professionals when off duty. We must ask everybody, please, to remember the great names of Drake, Clive, Rhodes, and Barney Barnato, and keep our heritage clean.

Rampage

IN theatre circles they are still discussing the Irving Memorial Matinée and trying to find polite synonyms for words like " fustian," and even " ham." For, frankly, deprived of our greatest actor's genius and magnetism, some of the dramas he wowed London in are pretty terrible, as the matinée excerpts revealed. The West End theatre of the immediate pre-Shaw era reads almost incredibly to modern eyes; the long cliché-ridden speeches, the soliloquies, the asides, the passionate addresses to the Circumambient Inane (when you scan the lines you can hear the hoarsing and see the rolling eyes), that skilful, mechanical building up of situation and climax, all that Shaw called " Sardoodledom " couldn't be endured nowadays. And we suspect the magnificent Irving ranted. Everybody ranted at that period, on the stage and off. It couldn't be helped. The simplest and most normal domestic acts, such as striking an erring woman, were accompanied on both sides by long tirades and appeals and arabesques and *fioriture* and bravura exhibitions. The frock-coat was partially responsible, in our view; also the feather boa. Nowadays we find no necessity for all this rampaging, and even our Hamlets mumble their despair like gentlemen.

On the other hand, when you (occasionally) came across a bit of good English in those plays it gave an actor with a fine voice and delivery a chance for virtuosity, whereas the jaggy bits of smarty cocktail-bar chatter which fly about the modern stage don't. Recollect how Mr. Laughton burned 'em up with Lincoln's Gettysburg speech in *Ruggles*, think of the admirably happy mean St. John Ervine strikes in his dialogue, remember, also, that if plays have shed magniloquence, so have actors (when they asked Irving late in life where he 'd like to be buried, he replied in all seriousness, " The country will do its duty "), and next time you 're passing look in at the Green Room Club and ask the boys in the back room what they 'll have.

" What! Aren't you ready yet, Gladys? "

Sea-Change

BY ringing up Ramsgate 1060 day or night you can shortly get the latest weather-forecast from experts posted in a look-out on the East Pier for that purpose. The municipality judge that letting prospective visitors know in advance what the weather 's going to be like down there will, on the whole, benefit the town. " After all," says the Chairman of the Harbour Committee, " a satisfied visitor is the best advertisement." And should it ever happen that one of these experts, torn between loyalty to Mother Ramsgate and love of Truth, loses his reason and is driven to what is called a Rash Act, the sea is very handy.

This new stunt, if it works, puts Ramsgate one up on Brighton, which is always bragging about its go-aheadness. However, Brighton could develop a

weather-forecast 'phone service in many obvious and characteristic ways. "Glorious weather, sea calm, slight S.W. by S. breeze, fifteen more showgirls, thirty-five more stockbrokers, and Herman Finck just off the 'Southern Belle,'" a cheery voice would reply, for example. Southend, adopting the same, might start off "Hail Agate! Weather fair, wind S.W. by E.," etc., ending ". . . and a couple more charabancs with old Charley Turner's lot from East Plumstead. Wotto! Hail Agate!" Frinton would merely drawl "Weather too divine, lots of frightfully nice people," having first asked the inquirer for two social references. Ramsgate's is a thoroughly good idea, and shows that the popular British coast resorts are tireless in their endeavours to make themselves bright and attractive. But they still refuse to face the Great Dial Problem which makes most of their efforts unavailing and their sea-fronts still one mass of drab and despairing pans. Compulsory carnival masks would solve it, as we said last summer.

Full Fathom Five

"More, more was lost on Mohácz field"—you, of course, know by heart the old wild lament for the flower of Hungarian chivalry, wiped out by the Turks in 1526. Among the losses were two of the convoy of galleys laden with Maria of Hungary's jewels and treasure, sunk by Mahound near Gran, on the way up the Danube from Ofen to Vienna, and a first attempt to salvage them from the river mud of 400 years is now to be made. Whether this is what the chivalry of our own age calls a hot proposition seems doubtful. That Spanish treasure galleon they've been tinkering at for years off Tobermory hasn't yielded much up to now except a few rusty carronades, and the bones of the Lutine frigate, at which a salvage company is taking a fresh crack at the moment, hug their gold bars pretty tightly down in the ooze. Malicious old George Sea loves playing a game with the salvage boys. They scrabble and scoop and shore up desperately during a calm, and while they're still mopping their brows up comes a brisk bobble of tide and merrily sweeps all their work away. Which seems no great tragedy to us, not being shareholders, for of all the odious vices of man greed for gold (in our estimation) is the meanest, and to loot a sunken treasure galleon is on a par morally with rifling a tomb. We would shrink instinctively from such a proposition, even if our financial adviser hadn't insisted that brewery shares are generally a better buy.

The particular wild-goose chase, jack-o'-lantern dance, or cretins' hey, we're interested in chiefly now, quite objectively, is not the Danube affair but that mirific expedition in search of "buried Jesuit treasure" in Mexico or somewhere which the papers were talking about a year or two ago. The promoters had everything set. The hoarded millions were practically in the bag and all the participants had to do was to choose the kind of yachts they preferred. Nothing has since been heard of those optimists or their quest, and we conclude the fairies must have mischiefed them.

Pan

Women, we gather, are taking up fencing considerably, and *chez* Bertrand or at any other of the leading fencing academies and clubs you can see the girls thrusting and feinting and stamping and parrying in tierce, or whatever the technical jargon is, all day long. And probably, we may add, making a certain amount of hideous faces, though in this case they wear masks. The whole case against intensive sport for women—well, say, one-tenth of the whole case—is the deplorable faces they make. A girl championship sprinter recently averred in the Press that that expression of harsh, ferocious agony we all know isn't due to strain but to determination, as if that made it any better. We saw a photograph recently of a British matron doing a high-jump, or hurling the discus, or running a mile, or whatever it was, and we mourned for her children. Mr. James Thurber recently explained that this awful face-making was one of the reasons he dislikes women, and we sympathise. The average British face is a worthy, if sometimes a thought-provoking, spectacle, and to contort it further is an æsthetic crime. You don't mind little actresses making faces, because they're paid for it, but no other woman is compelled to imitate a gargoyle. Moreover, it prematurely ages them. We used to know a girl of sixteen who was a very determined fencer. Already the lines were graven in her rosy, innocent features, already her youthful pan fell naturally into hard and forbidding repose. She must be about twenty-five now, and looking fifty. One can't blame M. Bertrand or any other *maître d'escrime* for any of this. Fencing is admirable for the figure, as everybody knows, and if it's tough on the dial it's the girls' own fault. Natural female savagery is inevitably brought out as blade strikes blade, and the female pan instinctively assumes the expression it wears when contemplating a rival's new Paris model. We don't know how this can be overcome except by employing people to make the girls smile continuously, and we don't know how this is done, either. The speaker then resumed his seat, amid a shower of roses.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"There's a distinctly unpleasant atmosphere about this room"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Happy Returns" (Adelphi)

MR. COCHRAN does not take calls, but if he had broken his rule on the first night of his new revue, wouldn't he have received as big an ovation as Miss Beatrice Lillie herself? For don't we all feel him to be an essential and integral bit of the London we love? When he comes back to the Strand, isn't it as right and proper as Eros coming back to Piccadilly? Can things be quite the same without him? Is the Season quite the Season, is the Summer quite the Summer, is a hot night in June quite all that a hot night in June should be if the limousines aren't purring up to C. B. C.'s latest and greatest? One might almost say: "Better a bad show by Cochran than a mediocre show by somebody else."

ONE has no need to say it, for this time, I can assure you, is better than last time or the time before. Because what? Because, quite briefly, Beatrice Lillie. Beatrice Lillie singing rhythm and exposing the inanities of the art so mercilessly that you might think nobody would ever dare to sing rhythm again. Beatrice Lillie chattering as a late-comer at *Hamlet*, and chattering so devastatingly that you might think nobody would ever dare to be late in the theatre again. Or dare to sing a saucy French song—"L'Amour le Merrier"—with legs monstrously obbligato again. Or ever pretend to be a Geisha again. Or sit on a crescent moon and sail out over the audience and dispense garters to the stalls again—for, though I've never seen anybody do this before, I am confident that it will set no fashion. For Miss Lillie does not set theatrical fashions—she kills them—kills them so subtly, so mischievously, so deliciously that we would have them nine years a-killing.

Yes, Beatrice Lillie for my money.

OVER Flanagan and Allen I am less rapturous. A good, honest duo, no doubt, and maybe there is something soothing about Flanagan as there was about Wilkie Bard. But I'd rather most of his sketches were half their first-night length, and I'd rather see him in a circus. Is he for the fifteen-shilling public? I find it hard to laugh at him in a stall. Sitting on a board, it might be another matter. He is, I feel sure, out of his element in this milieu, as Miss Lillie would be at the Palladium.

A bit of gay Paree—Beatrice Lillie discourses

Riding orders! Owner Allen and Jockey Bud Flanagan

Dressed to kill (Phyllis Stanley)

Sketches by Rouson

WHAT about the spectacle? Well, there is less of it than in some of Mr. Cochran's previous shows. You do not leave the theatre stunned out of your senses, and that is all to the good. Especially as one or two of the scenes are as lovely as anything Mr. Cochran has yet given us. The costumes designed by Mlle. Manya for "Highland Swing" are possibly better to look at than anything now to be seen on the London stage. I recommend Mlle. Manya to the notice of Miss Ninette de Valois. In fact, the whole of this scene might be incorporated in the repertoire of the Wells when *Happy Returns* has run its course. Which course you would do well to prolong by a visit.

Charles Boyer in "Orage"

The only French film that Charles Boyer, according to his American contract, may make this year starts its run at the Curzon to-night. *Orage* is from a novel by duel-fighting Henry Bernstein, and deals with an emotional tangle in a setting of to-day. Acting with Boyer is Michele Morgan (also in this photograph); she made her screen debut in *Gribouille* and is now ranked a star. Another *Gribouille* name is Marc Allegret's; he directed that brilliantly effective piece of French provincial life, and has also handled *Orage*. The premiere to-night is a Feathers Club Gala, run by the Marquesa de Casa Maury—an annual Curzon event, which last year resulted in the building of two new Feathers Clubs

Portrait of Dorothy Hyson

Lovely daughters of lovely and famous actresses start their stage careers at an advantage but continue at a disadvantage, even if comparisons are odious. But Dorothy Hyson (her father is Carl Heisen) has inherited Dorothy Dickson's talent as well as her looks, and her reputation is all her own. Her milk-and-roses complexion, her musical voice and her restrained style are now well known to play-goers, especially since the long run of *Pride and Prejudice*, and more recently to televiewers. She and her husband, Robert Douglas (who has made a big success in *The Challenge*), live in Chelsea

Mrs. James Field, Her House and Her Boys

Mrs. James Field has one of the nicest homes in London, the big, low house in Regent's Park which used to belong to Sir George Dance, and which its new owner has redecorated and modernised with endless care and exquisite taste. The gallery of photographs over the mantelpiece below is amusing and friendly, and the sign of another old fashion becoming new again. Five-year-old Angus and two-year-old Jeremy are the two attractive boys Mrs. Field has adopted. She was Audrey James before her first marriage to Dudley Coats; her second husband was Marshall Field, the American store magnate. She and Lady Milbanke were joint chairmen of the Derby Ball last week in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital

Photographs by Swaebe

Holme House is in Regent's Park, Looking Out on the Lake

Jeremy was trying to persuade Woof to take a wheelbarrow ride

Outdoor nursery: Angus and Mrs. Field and Jeremy hold a spade-and-bucket meet in the sand-pit

The photograph gallery is a fashionable wheel-turn

Big vases of flowers are everywhere in Holme House

Leonide Massine: a Portrait and Two Character Studies

It is a long time since new pictures of Massine were available for publication. This portrait of the great choregrapher in working dress was taken during the recent ballet season in Monte Carlo, and so were the studies on the left, which show him as the Peruvian in *Gaité Parisienne* and in *Petrouchka*. *Gaité Parisienne* was one of his two new works produced in Monte Carlo, a lively and attractive ballet to Offenbach music, with setting and dresses by Count Etienne de Beaumont: of the genre of *Beau Danube* but with less of the inventiveness, lucidity and poetry that make *Beau Danube* a masterpiece of its kind. His other new ballet, to the music of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, was given at the end of the season, with overwhelming effect but not without arousing tremendous controversy. The French critics greeted it as the realisation of Wagner's description of the Symphony as "l'apothéose de la danse"; on the other hand, the Monaco Government have taken exception to what they consider the religious significance of the Second Movement, and it has been stated that they will not allow it to be given in the Principality next season. These two works will be in the repertoire of the company formed by the union of the de Basil and Massine-Blum ballets, which starts its season at Covent Garden on June 20th. Massine has a third work in preparation—*Noble Vision*, to Hindemith music

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Anthony

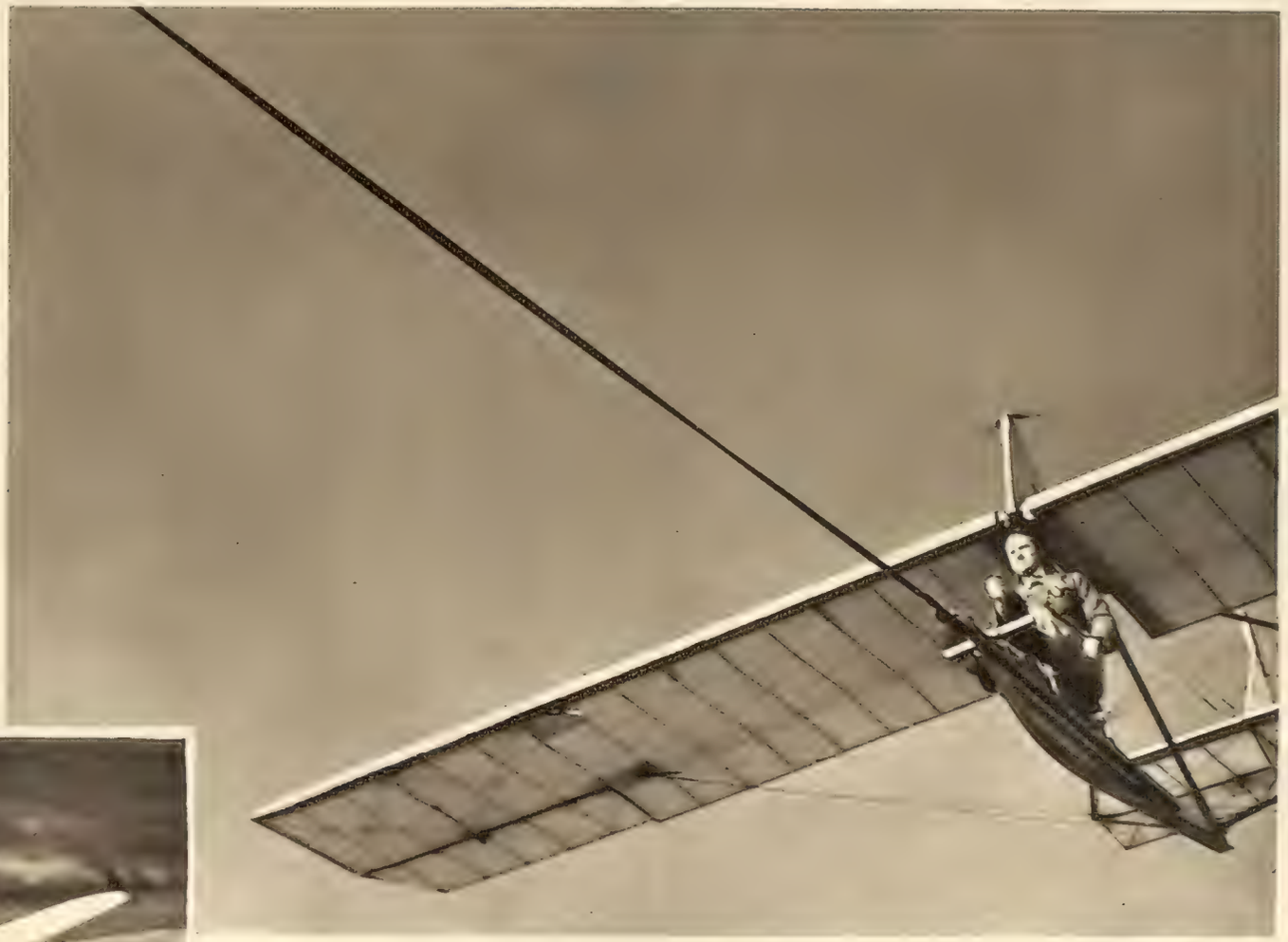
Like a flying fish on a hook, the Slingsby Gull takes the air, winch-launched. The Gull is the newest British sailplane, has an enclosed cabin, is specially designed for cloud soaring. Six have been entered for the National Gliding Competitions, one by Amy Johnson

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Youthful interest is always lively at Dunstable Downs, in this case in D. G. O. Hiscox's Gull; the owner is the Chairman of the London Gliding Club

The club-house is of good functional design, social rooms and offices above, spacious hangars below. The group is discussing something of highest importance to gliding—the weather report

Powerless Flight: Gliding Off the Dunstable Downs



Beginners are taught on this machine reminiscent of the Wright brothers' design. They are towed by an old car down a small slope into the wind, catapulted forward by the rubber cable

On your way to Whipsnade Zoo from Luton, as you climb up on to the chalk downs where the tigers roam, you will come upon an outcrop—especially on a Sunday—of homo sapiens, watching its fellows perform their latest wonder. It is the headquarters of the London Gliding Club. Gliding, soaring or sailplaning is the newest of sports and like boat-sailing (one of the oldest) it pits pure human skill against the elements: there is no engine to pull you up a thousand feet if you get into trouble. Yet with nothing more than a huge wing-span some remarkable lengths of time and space in the air have been covered: the existing records are 405 miles, distance, and 40-odd hours, time in the air. That the sport is now no longer in its pioneer stage is demonstrated by arrangements for the forthcoming National Gliding Competitions to be held on these very Dunstable Downs from July 9th-17th: catering for 100,000 spectators is in hand, thirty aircraft are already entered, public joy-rides will be given, and many records are shivering in their shoes

Joan Meakin leans on her sailplane's wing to keep the wind from rocking it and shows off the G.Q. parachute, specially designed for gliding (packs small). Right is a sailplane G.B.2 just taking off from a winch-launch: a preliminary height of 1000 feet is reached in this way

Carole Lombard is, of course, as cooked a name as Merle Oberon: her real name is Carol June Peters, and she was born in Indiana in 1909, but not with this Bottomly rabbit's head

The rabbit's head, in fact, is worn by her at an animal-party, which she, a film star in the film, gives in London. Fernand Gravey is a penniless French count who comes as a pig: Ralph Bellamy is a bloodhound

Photographs by Fritz Henle.

"Food for Scandal" On the Set

The idea that Carole Lombard ever did heavy Garbo-ish stuff seems funny after *My Man Godfrey* and *Nothing Sacred*. Warner Brothers' *Food for Scandal* makes it funnier. They have teamed her in a not-quite-crazy comedy with French Fernand Gravey, and called him Gravet so that the great Anglo-Saxon public can't mix him up with meat and potatoes. Otherwise the film is quite culinary, as you may see from these pictures, which were taken on the set in California. Mervyn Le Roy produced

"Hey, Mervyn, can't you keep these snapshotters off?"

Putting the rabbit's head on and off for every candid cameraman, as well as Mervyn Le Roy's minions, is hard on Carole Lombard's lovely hair. Perhaps the candidist thought she couldn't see him when he took this

Producer Le Roy, with a spotted shirt and a cigar, has a highball and a wisecrack between shots with his star; her dress is typical Lombard, showing off her strong shoulders

New York

Just in the middle of a shot (left) Carole Lombard's dresser spots a fault in the coiffure; puts it right while the cameras wait

Below is the secret of the film and its title. Gravey, amoureux and penniless, follows Lombard to London, shows her cook how to make crêpes suzette at a party, angers the old lady into giving notice, takes the job, causes evil minds to think the mistress is his mistress

Films of the Day

Hollywood and History

By George Campbell

SHUMIATINSKY, head of the Russian film industry, was recently deposed for infusing sex-appeal and an Irish Rebellion into Stevenson's *Treasure Island*—though why, considering the way Moscow regularly stages *Hamlet* as an exposé of the monarchical system, and *Othello* as the revolt of the suppressed coloured races, I wouldn't know.

Now another Stevenson story is causing trouble in Hollywood. Twentieth Century-Fox, the organisation over which the polo-playing Mr. Zanuck presides, is making *Kidnapped*, and there are some characters who suggest that he is taking liberties with the story. Stevenson himself, if memory serves me, began with a preface apologising for the minor liberties he took with the muse of history. At Mr. Zanuck's hands the lady is ravished utterly. The Act of Union between England and Scotland has been moved from 1707 to the 1740's. The Appin murder, which is the central incident of the story, has been shifted from the Highlands to somewhere handy in the Edinburgh streets. The man whom Stevenson (following history) hanged for the murder of the Red Fox is allowed to escape. Another fellow, a newcomer to history if my Hollywood spies are to be believed, is convicted and pardoned.

On the sex side the Fox littérateurs have been similarly active. Stevenson was never much of a boy for hot-blooded passion—even the hero and heroine forced to spend nights together in *The Black Arrow* never forgot their Plato—and so, naturally, it has been found necessary to jazz *Kidnapped* up a bit. This has been achieved by writing-in a cutie called "Jeannie MacDonald," played by Arleen Whelan, whose make-up, artistic and spiritual, would probably have surprised Stevenson more than somewhat.

IF *Kidnapped* were an isolated case, it would hardly deserve comment; but it isn't. It is typical of Hollywood's attitude to history, which the producers have been righteously defending. The scholarly Mr. De Mille has been accused of devising a new Battle of Orleans to provide a decent part for the pirate Jean Lafitte in *The Buccaneer*, to which he replied, in a recent broadcast, that the movies were teaching history better than the schools. They certainly make it more uplifting. Until they saw *The Plainsman*, few students of the West were aware that Wild Bill Hickok, the gambler gunman, was murdered in Deadwood because he was patriotically trying to stop crooks from selling rifles to the Indians, in between saving Custer's army and spells of monosyllabic romance with Calamity Jane, the local dance hostess whose taste in decoration ran to a red light before the door.

WILLIAM DIETERLE is also on the defence, charged with distorting history to dramatise Emile Zola. In the film the novelist is made to die on the night before Dreyfus's reinstatement in the army whereas in fact he died four years before it.

These discrepancies Mr. Dieterle dismisses as unimportant, which perhaps they are. "The motion picture as a form of art must necessarily have its own laws," he says. "There is no time on the screen." After the Crusader's gallant offer of the cloak with "You 'll find it kinda rough, lady" (Cecil De Mille's *The Crusades*); Cæsar's "Take a Letter: Mark Antony, Rome . . ." (De Mille's *Cleopatra*); and Bothwell's "Hello, Darnley, still hangin' around?" (Fredric March in *Mary of Scotland*), one is tempted to add that there is also no place. Except, maybe, Hollywood.

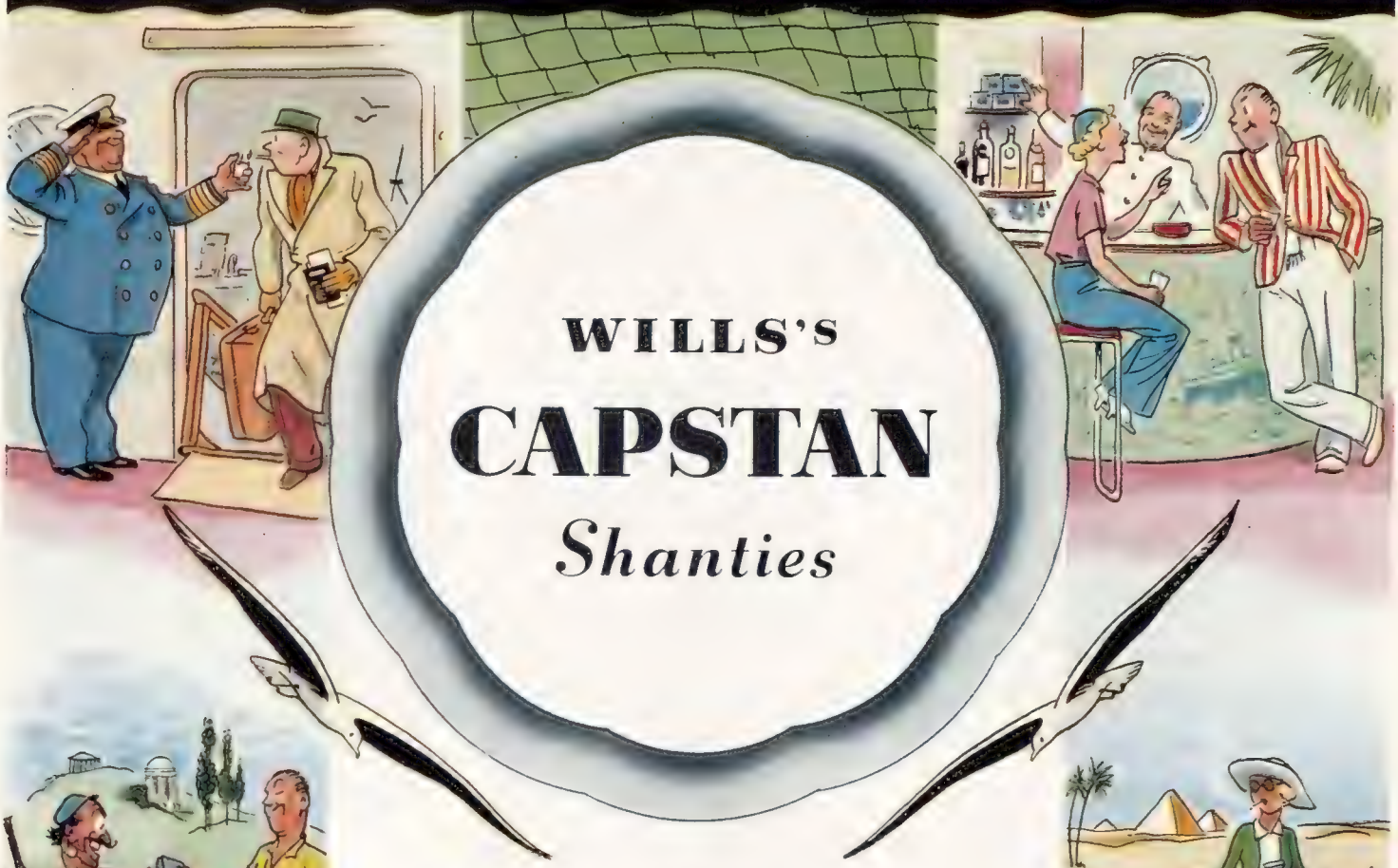
THERE are only two new films, and neither is important. *Doctor Rhythm* is patchy, witty invention and clever clowning alternating with the clichés of its genre. It is interesting chiefly for the fact that starred with Bing Crosby is London's own Beatrice Lillie.

America has changed her in some ways. She is even slicker, quicker, than when she went away; her wit has a harder brilliance. After the rubber-faced mugging of comediennes like Martha Raye, it is refreshing to see an artist who can point a line with a flicker of the lashes, and indulge in outrageous slapstick without losing a queer sort of dignity and charm. In *Doctor Rhythm* her material is poor: she even has to exploit the gag of a dozen double damask napkins. Given a script worthy of her talent, she might well become one of the greatest entertainers on the screen.

Of *Second Best Bed* I need only record that it is a taming-of-the-shrew affair, with Jane Baxter as Katharine and Tom Walls as Petruchio, and that this department was at no stage amused.

"Doctor Rhythm" is Merely a Vehicle

Mrs. Lorelei Dodge-Blodgett, eccentric socialite, gives Patrolman O'Roon the job of stopping her daughter eloping with a bounder. Dr. Remsen takes the Patrolman's place (for private reasons), not only stops the girl's elopement but "croons his way into her heart," while she "listens with shining eyes." You can see the story isn't important in "Doctor Rhythm," but the actors are: Lorelei, Beatrice Lillie (left); doctor and daughter, Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle (above). At the Plaza



WILLS'S CAPSTAN *Shanties*

WHEN cold icy fog holds the north in its grip
(Yo-ho-ho and a drink at the bar!)
Sing hey! for a cruise in a luxury ship
('Better buy Capstan, wherever you are)

The course doesn't matter, so long as it's South
(Yo-ho-ho and a drink at the bar!)
The islands of Greece or the Amazon's mouth
('Better buy Capstan, wherever you are)

You'll read and you'll smoke and you'll bask in the sun
(Yo-ho-ho and a drink at the bar!)
And you'll feel like a prince when your holiday's done
(But 'better buy Capstan, wherever you are).

LYRICS AND DECOR BY
W. D. & H. O. Wills
MAKERS OF
CAPSTAN CIGARETTES
"Better buy Capstan, they're blended better"

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Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Eleanor Needham — Debutante from Ireland

Lady Eleanor Needham is the elder of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey, and is seventeen this year. Her mother presented her at the First Court. Her father's place is Mourne Park, Newry, Co. Down, and his London house is in Westbourne Terrace. Lady Kilmorey is the daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon; she married Lord Kilmorey in 1920. Their younger daughter was born in 1923. Heir-presumptive to the title is Lord Kilmorey's brother, the Hon. Francis Needham, who lives in Surrey, and was in the Grenadier Guards

"Bystander" Short Story, No. 142

Letter to the Editor

By Celia Dale

Illustrations by Jardine

You can readily believe, sir, that it was a very great shock to me to learn that my wife was a murderess. After all, murder is not the kind of thing you expect to find in your own home. And especially in a home as well run, like clockwork, you might say, as my wife's was.

Practically everything my wife had to do with ran like clockwork. A wonderful brain she had for organising things I think I can say I never knew a plan of my wife's to go wrong—that is, not very far wrong, mere deviations, as you might say. And I can see now how her plans worked right through, just the way she must 've intended them to.

Well, I suppose I had better go right back to the beginning and go on to the end, as they say. And the beginning is when my wife and I first set up house together.

You will understand, sir, that at the time I am speaking of, I was a bright young lad with plenty of ideas and good prospects in the firm where I was employed, a firm of chandlers in the City, very old established. Although you might not think it to look at me now—for after all, time deals hardly with us all, as they say—I was not at all a bad-looking young man in those days. Of course, not being tall was a disadvantage, and I used to be very sensitive about it at one time. Still, I made up for it by a good carriage and careful dressing—I always say you can tell a gentleman by the way he dresses—and I had a very good head of hair, and moustachios too.

Well, sir, I was a young man full of ambition and determined to get on and rise in the firm that had seen me come into it as a boy. I 'd been left alone in the world quite young—an orphan of the storm, as you might say—and I suppose having to fend for myself had made me a bit more anxious than I otherwise might have been to get on and make a name that some boy would be proud to carry on one day.

It was about this time that I met my wife, as she afterwards became. She was the daughter of one of my colleagues in the office; nothing very much in the firm he wasn't, a man of education and refinement, but no application—and, after all, what is it they say about genius and taking pains?

My wife at that time was a remarkably handsome girl, there 's no denying that. Fine shoulders, red cheeks, and a great mass of brown hair piled on her head. And she could carry it. Like a statue she was—Junoesque, as they say—and with it all very quiet and womanly, looking after her dad and running the house like clockwork. Amazing it was, for a girl of her age. Mind you, she wasn't as young as one would believe. At that time I would have been about twenty-six, and my wife about four or five years older. But a really fine-looking girl, and one that any man would be proud of having preside at his dinner-table.

I suppose that 's what really made me take the decision I did. You see, I didn't really intend getting married for some time, because the way I look at it is a man can't really devote himself to his job if he 's got a wife and family. He 's not so free to forge ahead, take risks, make something of himself, and so on. I 'd planned to devote myself to my job till I was about thirty-five or so, and then, when I 'd got a position and a tidy sum in the bank, look around for some nice girl in a good social position and raise a family.

But the best-laid plans of mice and men—as I dare say you 've found yourself. The plain truth is, my eyes ran away with me, and instead of waiting and making the good match I 'd intended, I married my wife. I dare say I persuaded myself that my wife's looks made up for all the other things I 'd had in mind for myself.

Well, once I 'd asked her and she 'd said yes, we didn't waste much time. I won't say I wasn't a little surprised at the hurry, and I dare say it did cross the back of my mind that perhaps she was thinking I might back out of it if we didn't get married good and quick. But there 's none so blind as those as won't see, and, after all, there wasn't any real reason to wait.

Now, I won't pretend to you, sir, that for quite a time I wasn't very pleased with myself. I must say I found it very pleasant to come home after a day in the City to a nice fire and supper all laid, and a fine, handsome wife. It satisfied something in me, sir, that I dare say 's in most men. My home was my castle. Bear in mind, I 'd never had a real home since I was a child, and there 's no denying it gave me a thrill of satisfaction to come home to my own house at last.

But there was a fly in the ointment, as they say; and I 'm sorry to have to tell you it was my wife. I gradually discovered that my wife was a woman of overwhelming pride, but it took a peculiar form. She wasn't proud of me, her husband, as most women would be. She was proud of herself. She ran her house like clockwork for her own gratification, not so 's it would be a pleasure to me. There was never any real home comforts in it—no slippers put out, or newspapers lying about, or anything like that. There was never so much as a cushion out of place, and although that 's all very nice to look at, it 's not so comfortable to live with when a man comes home tired.

That 's another thing about my wife. She would never make allowances for me being tired. She was always after me for being lazy, slovenly, and so on. And it gradually was borne in upon me, sir, that my wife looked down on me.

It showed itself in a number of little ways. She was always talking about her

(Concluded on page vi)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Metternich's Mistress

By Alan Thomas

In 1936 the fifty-year ban placed on the publication of documents relating to one of the most remarkable women in the social and political world of the early nineteenth century was lifted, and instalments from the archives are beginning to appear. The lady in question was the brilliant Russian Ambassadress, leader of London fashion, close friend of the Prince Regent and of three English Prime Ministers, mistress of the Austrian Chancellor Metternich and later of the French statesman, François Guizot, Princess Dorothea Lieven. Her private letters to Metternich, edited by Peter Quennell, came out last year. Now we have the complete biography, *Princess Lieven*, by H. Montgomery Hyde (Harrap; 12*s.* 6*d.*). It is a lively story, and the general reader will find nothing to grumble at in the scholarly and self-effacing way that Dr. Hyde has handled his material. The biography is interspersed with Dorothea's shrewd comments on men and affairs, and her character-sketches—that, for example, of Tsar Alexander I., son of the mad Tsar Paul, news of whose murder was brought to Madame Lieven and her husband while they were in bed asleep—are as incisive and illuminating as they are brief. Or take her summing-up of the European situation in that "amazing year of revolutions," 1830: "All that is happening on the Continent is lamentable and, what is worse, offers no guarantee for the future. . . . Governments have shown neither foresight nor vigour. The example set by them is fraught with dangers from which the only escape is by the utmost care and vigilance. We luckily have many special grounds for security—our remoteness, the comparative ignorance of our lower classes, and an innate sentiment of religion and of devotion to the throne, and, above all, a monarch at once enlightened, just, strong, and active in mind and body. . . . I have therefore no fear for ourselves: but we belong to Europe and are bound by our treaties. Shall we not thereby be dragged into the movement which is disturbing the world?" This, which was written of Russia over a century ago, might well have been written of England by a conscientious Tory in 1938.

Princess Lieven did not shrink from shouldering responsibility. The Tsar entrusted her with diplomatic projects: for the Protocol of 1826, whereby England stood committed with Russia in the Near East, she deserved her share of the credit; and but for her Lord Palmerston would not have commenced his long tenure of the Foreign Office when he did. Even as her years advanced, she still had the zest and energy to hold her political salon in Paris: politics, in fact, was the breath of her nostrils. The story of such a woman's life was well worth telling, and Dr. Hyde's biography lends justification to Count Nesselrode's remark to Dorothea: "How I envy our children the pleasure they will have one day in reading your memoirs!"

In his detective story *Murder by Burial* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Stanley Casson, don of New College and well-known lecturer in archæology, has broken new ground in more senses than one. The method of murder is original enough (that it is far-fetched is neither here nor there: that it is possible is all that matters, and for that I am quite content to take the word of a lecturer in archæology); but in order to carry out the scheme, Mr. Casson has had to invent something so fantastic in the way of semi-Fascist movements that even in these days the imagination is unduly stretched. The author, too, is somewhat slow off the mark, and runs considerable risk of losing his readers' interest by not producing a corpse till page 177; moreover, the absence of any real doubt as to who was the culprit robs the story of much of its suspense; and finally, the motive seemed to me to be inadequate. All of which is rather devastating criticism. Yet, in spite of everything, I liked the book. I liked particularly its archæological atmosphere and all the chit-chat about old coins and the technique of excavation. I found myself hoping, in fact, that Mr. Casson would forget that he had set himself to write a detective story and tell us instead about the Celtic city of Cunobeline. But that, of course, is not what Mr. Casson meant. All the same, this archæological touch gives his book a little added something that others haven't got. As I say, I enjoyed it.

Prize-Winning Novelist

Richard Church's novel, "The Porch," has been awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize. It was published last year by Dent (to whom its author is advisory editor), is based partly on Mr. Church's life in the Civil Service, which he left four years ago. He is now chief reviewer to "John o' London's Weekly," lives in Lincoln's Inn, and near Saffron Walden in Essex

Mr. Frank S. Smythe's *The Valley of the Flowers* (Hodder and Stoughton; 18*s.*) is a pleasant and valuable addition to the literature of mountaineering. Pleasant, because Mr. Smythe—as those who have read his books well know—has a happy, philosophic turn of mind and a self-confessedly romantic outlook. "The trouble with you," a friend once told him, "is that you feel more than you think." If it be so, Mr. Smythe at all events has the power of imparting what he feels to the reader: and the sense of it, conveyed to him as he communes with God on the mountains, is that the hills were made that we should appreciate our strength and frailties, the stars that we should sense our destiny; and that through the beauty and contentment of the spirit, which are discoverable in the experience of mountain climbing, we are led at last to the peace which passeth understanding. This particular book is the description of an expedition which Mr. Smythe made to the Central Himalayas in the summer of 1937, the Valley of Flowers being the Bhyundar Valley, a region that is peculiarly rich in plant life. The author has much to tell of the flowers that he discovered there, as well as of the local climbs he made: and incidentally he gives us the story (the gist of which he has already told in *The Times*) of the Abominable Snowmen. The book is splendidly illustrated with coloured plates.

Among the outstanding biographies recently published I should like to mention Enid Starkie's *Arthur Rimbaud* (Faber and Faber; 15*s.*). Rimbaud, who may be classed among the major poets of the last half of last century, at the age of nineteen suddenly abandoned literature. Why? This is the mystery that Miss Starkie has set herself to solve, and a fascinating study she has made of it.

Novels I can recommend for your library list are *Men Are So Helpless*, by Kate Mary Bruce (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*); *Man, Woman and Child*, by John Brophy (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*); *The Child of Divorce*, by Emile Cammaerts (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*); and, of course, Agatha Christie's latest Poirot story, *Appointment With Death* (The Crime Club; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Young Women Who Work (No. 3)

Miss Grant-Morden: Horsewoman

Patricia Grant-Morden, who runs a livery stable and is in the saddle from morn till lighting-up time, was brought up in the lap of luxury. Her father, the late Colonel Grant-Morden, was the Canadian millionaire and Member for Chiswick whose palatial mansion is now part of Pinewood Studios. She has been earning her living since she grew up; this job is her favourite to date

Mrs. Steele: Model

Mrs. John Steele, who still works as Evelyn Spilsbury, owns a ravishing smile which has adorned thousands of fashion photographs. She is one of the leading professional models, possessing the necessary calm and poise as well as looks. Her father, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, is the pathologist to the Home Office

Miss Norton-Griffiths: Furnisher

Phœbe Norton-Griffiths, younger daughter of the late Sir John Norton-Griffiths, who was known as "Empire Jack," has a furnishing business — all Empire woods. Builds space-saving fitments for bachelors' budgets. Has shown successfully at several exhibitions

Mrs. Leslie: Racing Expert

Mrs. Leslie, seen having a breather while the race is run (her only free moment during the afternoon), is a young widow who has had the same job for eight years—in Tote Investors, Ltd. She is agreeable, quick-witted, with a long memory for more than faces

Miss Sprot: Secretary

Elizabeth Sprot, private secretary "somewhere in Whitehall," has held this confidential position for several years. Twenty-eight, humorous, she is essentially Lowland Scots. Her father is Major Mark Sprot, of Riddell, late the Greys, and her mother Sir Duncan Hay of Haystoun's sister

Miss Annesley, Miss Graham: House Agents

"Dodo" Annesley and Barbara Graham are house agents whose prospectus, printed in a happy shade of blue, is a model of concise information. They work in the Flaxman area, are always busy. The former is Mrs. Nigel Norman's youngest sister and, with another sister, now Mrs. Christopher Burlison, used to play in a woman's dance band — the saxophone

Col. C. E. Bateman - Champion

Golf Clubs at Home: East Devon, Budleigh Salterton

The East Devon Club at Budleigh Salterton is situated on red Devon cliffs above the town and above the sea, and it offers a good deal of variety in the way of turf. The views from the low, rambling club-house are quite remarkable, stretching to Portland and Lyme Regis in one direction, to Start Point in another, to Dartmoor in another. The course belongs to Lord Clinton. Col. Bateman-Champion, whose portrait heads this page, is the captain of the club for 1937-38

(1) The Rev. T. G. Shelmerdine (captain, 1938-9). (2) Surgeon-Capt. R. S. Osborne, R.N. (committee). (3) Major C. Kitchin (secretary). (4) Brig.-Gen. H. Fargus. (5) H. C. Bennett (ex-capt.), President of Devon County Golf Union. (6) Brig.-Gen. H.T. Dobbin. (7) F. H. Carroll and the Rev. G. L. A. Heslop. (8) Capt. H. B. Mulleneux, R.N. (committee), and Major S. Hamilton. (9) Maj.-Gen. Sir W. Malleson and Brig.-Gen. A. Martyn

A View of the Club-house

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Road to Victory

CHARLES R. YATES, of the Atlanta G.C., U.S.A., a member of the American Walker Cup team, won the Amateur Championship last month on the links of the Troon G.C. by defeating Cecil Ewing, Co. Sligo G.C., in the final, which is played over thirty-six holes, by three holes up and two holes to play ; consequently, the Amateur Championship Cup will return for another year to Atlanta, where Bobby Jones took it in 1930 after he had defeated Roger H. Wethered in the final on the Old Course at St. Andrews by 7 and 6.

The last eight left in the Championship this year were not without interest, as the first six of them all came from different countries. They were, in order, H. W. Hattersley, from Australia; C. Ross Somerville, of the London Hunt G.C., Canada ; Cecil Ewing, of Co. Sligo, Ireland ; J. B. Stevenson, Troon Portland G.C., Scotland ; C. R. Yates, of Atlanta, U.S.A. ; and C. J. H. Tolley, who had entered from the Royal and Ancient, an Englishman. The other two were another Scotsman, Hector Thomson, and another Englishman, L. G. Crawley, who, although entered from Brancepeth Castle, Durham, plays most of his golf in the neighbourhood of London.

The Amateur Champion *of Great Britain in the game of golf is once more an American citizen, Charles Yates, a modest youth from Atlanta, described as a bank clerk (actually his job includes golfing with prospective customers). He took the cup from the Troon captain, Mr. Lindsay Carlow, after beating Ewing 3 and 2 in the final*

YATES had just as anxious a time against Fischer and Thomson, both of whom he beat on the nineteenth green, as Bobby Jones had with Tolley, whom he beat also on the nineteenth green, and George Voigt, who was two up on him on the fourteenth tee at St. Andrews in 1930.

Yates started at 8.30 a.m. on the Tuesday by defeating John W. Fischer, of the Highland G.C., U.S.A., another member of the American Walker Cup team, who beat Jack McLean in the final of the American Amateur Championship in 1936, when it was played at Garden City. Yates was out in 33 and three up, and then won the tenth, to be four up and eight plus *x* holes to play. Fischer fought back very well and bravely, and by playing some wonderful shots when all seemed lost, managed to get all square at the end of eighteen holes, only to lose on the nineteenth green, where he made such a miserable attempt to loft a stymie that at least one spectator was under the impression that he had played the shot with his putter.

In the second round Yates beat the champion of England, J. J. F. Pennink, by 3 and 2. The latter's usual driver was suffering from old age ; consequently, he had to drive with a new club, with which he was not on good terms, and too many crooked tee shots were chiefly responsible for his defeat. But even if his old driver had been in action, he would have had to have played his very best to deal with a man whose score was approximately three under an average of four strokes per hole at the end of the match.

Yates then had three easy victories, in which he beat in turn Stanley Morrison, of Turnberry, by 5 and 4 ; A. W. McClure, of Wanstead, by 7 and 6 ; and Dr. W. M. Robb, of Moseley, who has played for Scotland, by 6 and 5. He played Morrison and McClure in weather conditions which were very unfavourable to American golfers : it rained extremely heavily all day, and in spite of the rain, a fresh breeze was blowing from the south-west and it was also unpleasantly cold.

IN the last eight Yates played Tolley, and drew first blood by holing a mashie shot to win the second, a hole of 372 yards, in two. Tolley squared the match at the fourth and was still all square after six holes had been played ; he then lost the next three holes, at two of which, the seventh and ninth, he made mistakes, while his opponent did another two at the eighth. After this landslide Tolley did get a hole back and would have reduced his deficit to one if he had not overclubbed himself at the thirteenth. Yates regained his three-holes' lead with yet another two at the fourteenth ; his three twos had thus been responsible for his three-holes' lead.

Yates only beat Hector Thomson by the skin of his teeth on the nineteenth green after his opponent had been dormie one. He went out once more in 33 and stood three up, but Thomson was fighting every inch of the way and got a hole back at the tenth and another at the twelfth, and had squared the match after fifteen holes, and when he won the seventeenth to become one up for the first time, a victory for Scotland appeared certain, as Thomson had been playing the eighteenth hole perfectly under pressure and usually was putting for threes. To the horror of his numerous supporters, he hit a low, quick hook off the eighteenth tee, put his second into the cross bunker short of the green, and then nearly holed a long putt for his four. Even if he had holed this putt he was not home for certain, as Yates might very easily have holed his putt for a three. Yates then did the first of 355 yards in three for the second time that day, so Thomson's par four was useless.

IN the final Ewing fought most gallantly against a better golfer, but he never to me or to his most staunch supporters looked likely to win, even when he was two holes up with four holes played. He was defeated by only 3 and 2, which is a very small margin in a thirty-six-hole match, and has every right to be satisfied with his play. He thoroughly deserved the congratulations of all those who saw him play, on a really great performance.

I must deal with the play in the final in detail at a later date.

The Walker Cup *followed hard on the Amateur, and golfers and golf interest shifted north from Troon to St. Andrews last week. These members of the British team taken before the match are Hector Thomson, Harry Bentley, Cecil Ewing, runner-up at Troon, and Gordon Peters, driving*

Mr. Grimond and Miss Bonham-Carter

Joseph Grimond and Laura Bonham-Carter, daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, of 40, Gloucester Square, W.2, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The eight bridesmaids were Cressida Bonham-Carter, the bride's sister, Mary Asquith, Princess Bibesco Priscilla, Anne Capel, Janet and Gay Margesson, Catherine Sinclair, Christian Howard. The pages were Raymond Bonham-Carter, Timothy Black, Hon. Joseph Corbett

Social Register

Miss A. Tod and Mr. O'Malley-Keyes

Hamilton O'Malley-Keyes, Irish Guards, eldest son of the late Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, of Castel Meretmont, Biarritz, is engaged to Angela Tod, eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. Tod, of 19, Cadogan Sq., S.W.1

The Hon. Edward and Lady Katherine Bigham's second son was christened David Edward Hugh. His father is Viscount Mersey's eldest son; his mother is the Marquess of Lansdowne's sister

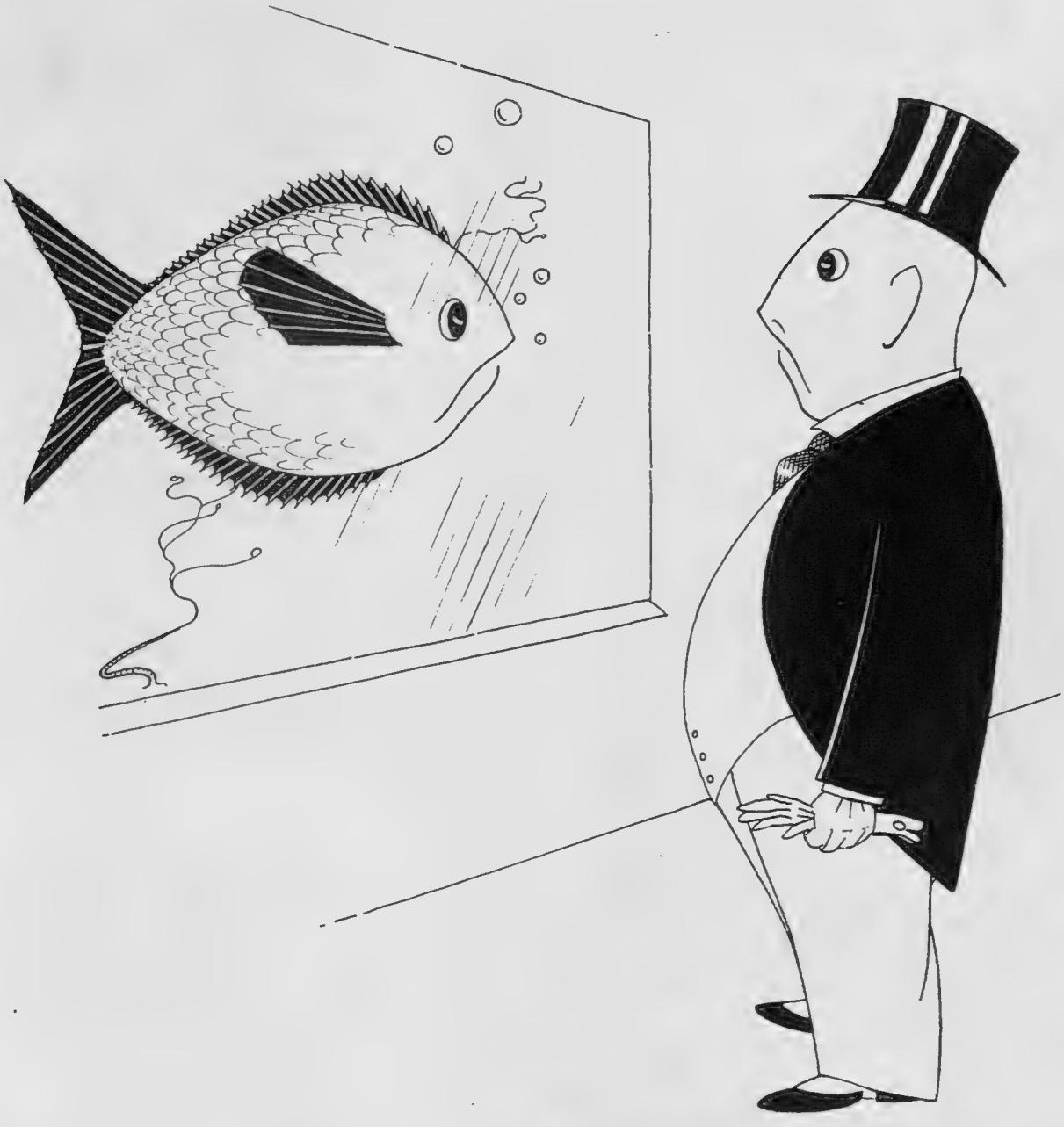
David Edward Hugh Bigham and His Parents

Lord Manton and Mrs. Player

Lord Manton and Mrs. Leila Player were married on Wednesday last week. She was Leila Reynolds before her first marriage, daughter of the late Major Guy Reynolds. Lord Manton's first wife divorced him two years ago

Fiancé's Farewell

When Hephzibah Menuhin left on the Ile de France for America she was seen off by her Australian fiancé, Lindsay George Nicholas, who is also her brother's brother-in-law. Yehudi Menuhin and Nola Nicholas were married a fortnight ago



but

there's nothing like a Guinness

except another Guinness

G.E.756.K.

Howard Marshall on Sport

NEXT Friday as ever is England meet Australia in the first Test Match at Trent Bridge. The smoke of battle, in fact, shows very clearly on the horizon; and for once in a way we face Australia with a reasonable amount of optimism.

Perhaps our confidence is ill-founded, for superficially the Australian record this season is formidable. It is a tale of mammoth totals and vast batting averages. But I cannot believe that it bears close investigation. When the Australians met Middlesex at Lord's on a wet wicket, for instance, their batting strength dwindled away, and even Bradman looked human and extremely fallible.

Perhaps this was only natural, for until that particular match the Australians had played upon a succession of fast wickets which approximated as nearly as possible to Australian wickets. The drought, in fact, gave them remarkable opportunities for batting practice in their first five or six fixtures, and they were able to create a false impression of their strength in the minds of those who merely looked at scores.

I don't deny that the Australians on fast wickets are a good batting side; and Bradman's presence makes them potentially exceptionally strong. Apart from Bradman, however, we can, I am convinced, match them man for man.

The England team has not been selected as I write. But Hutton, Edrich, Hammond, Hardstaff, Compton and Ames would start us off on very good terms with our opponents.

IT does not seem to me that the present Australian team is as solid as its predecessors. Fingleton is a dour opening batsman, though I would rather bowl at him than at Woodfull or Ponsford; and Brown's loss of form has made it difficult for Bradman to decide upon his opening player. Young Badcock may step into the breach, and he is a fine aggressive player who opens for his State in Australia. But I fancy his natural gifts qualify him for a lower position in the batting order.

After that uncertainty there is Bradman himself, and he is bound to be a problem if the weather is fine. On wet wickets, though, I don't think we need fear great resistance from Australia, if the evidence of the Middlesex match is any criterion.

Then there is Stanley McCabe, most beautiful of stroke players and a great batsman. But he has not shown us his full powers on this tour.

There is no reason whatever, in fact, why, even on a dry wicket, we should not keep the Australian scoring within reasonable limits.

AS for bowling, the Australians depend first and foremost on O'Reilly, with Fleetwood-Smith as his support. Otherwise the Australian attack is of average county standard and our batsmen would think very little of it if they met it in a county match.

O'Reilly, let us agree, is a really great bowler, one of the best of his kind we have ever seen. He appears to be bowling his googly this summer with greater subtlety than ever before; and beyond doubt he will be a serious danger. It is absurd to suggest, however, that O'Reilly is unplayable. Our batsmen have made runs off him before and, with a little confidence, they can do so again.

Fleetwood-Smith is also a potential menace, provided he is accurate, though he does lack Grimmett's consistency.

The introduction of the new l.b.w. law does make him more formidable, since his normal spin is from the off and his googly is the leg-break.

Again, though, it is largely a matter of confidence; and if our batsmen refuse to be intimidated by reputation they can cope perfectly adequately with Fleetwood-Smith on normal wickets.

I don't wish to exaggerate England's chances; but the fact remains that, for once in a way, the odds are about level.

IT will probably be announced, by the time these notes appear, that W. R. Hammond is to captain England. This was an inevitable choice, since G. O. Allen is unfit, and Hammond should do the job admirably. His selection would mean, at any rate, that we do not have to carry a captain who is not quite up to standard; and his knowledge of the Australians should give his leadership point and purpose.

Whether Maurice Leyland will have been picked I don't know, for he is troubled this summer by a strained shoulder and it may be that the Selectors will decide that he is not quite fit. On general grounds, however, Leyland would be first choice as a batsman. He always seems to come off against Australia in this country in the hour of need; and it is no wonder that the Australians fear him more than any of our players.

It is unfortunate that three such players as Leyland, Bowes and Capt. J. W. A. Stephenson should all be suffering from minor injuries at this juncture. But, even so, we shall go to Trent Bridge very cheerfully, only hoping against hope that the wicket will not be so perfect that all chances of decisive cricket are smoothed away.

SO much for the Test Match, though in thinking of it I am astonished to find how fast the summer races by. Here we are in June, with the Derby over and Wimbledon already close upon us.

As an appetiser we have the Wightman Cup match next week-end. Our lawn tennis selectors have not sprung any surprises upon us in their choice of the Wightman Cup team. The surprises, we must hope, will come in the result—for on paper, at any rate, our ladies seem to be going like lambs to the slaughter.

They are, however, capable of putting up the bravest of fights and the Wightman Cup is by no means lost yet.

***This Cup,** designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, is to be awarded for the best hunter in the International Horse Show which starts at Olympia next week. The Cup is presented by "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News"*

***Brazil and Chile** will be represented in Wimbledon's Mixed Doubles by Alcedes Procopio and Anita Lizana, both under five feet. Sta. Lizana becomes a British subject on July 14th by marrying Scot Robert Ellis*

***Argentina** will be represented at Wimbledon by two of its premier players, both from Buenos Aires, Hector Etchart and Alexander Russell. At Malvern, their first English appearance, they reached the finals*

***First Cricket Blue** conferred at either University this season was on J. V. Wild, of Taunton and King's College, Cambridge. The match at Lord's is July 2nd—4th*

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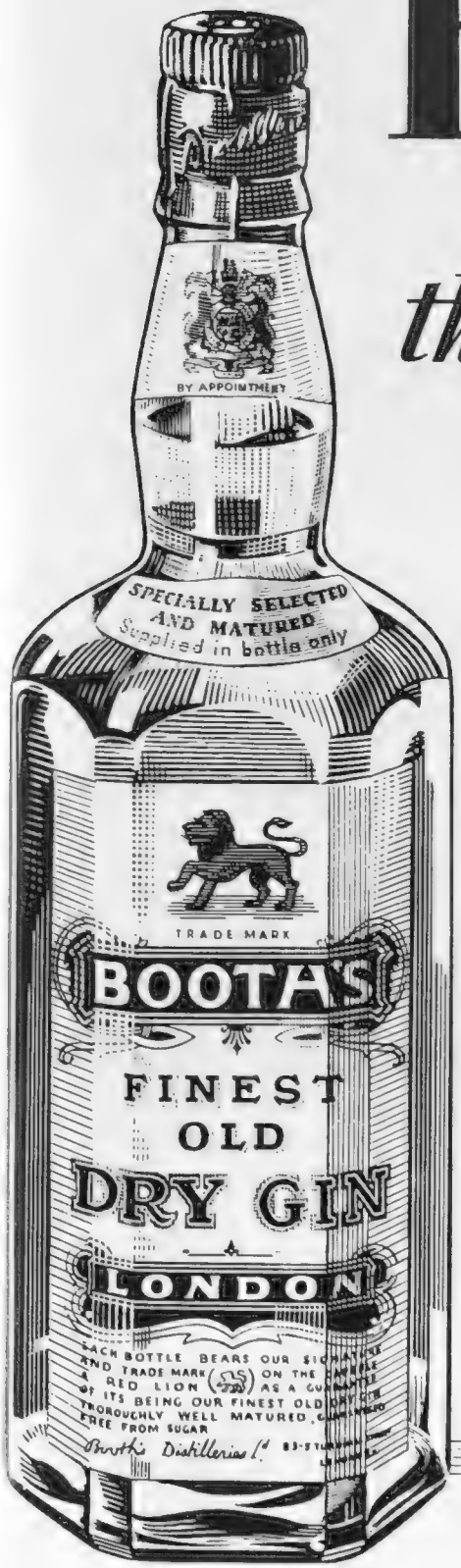

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17 CONTINENTAL ROUTES

DOVER - - - CALAIS	HARWICH - - - HOOK
DOVER - - DUNKERQUE	HARWICH - FLUSHING
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Miss Winifred Brown, who won the King's Cup with an "Avian" in 1930, is making a trip to the Arctic in her 45-foot ketch Perula, with Mr. Ronald Adams as mate. This year's race for the King's Cup takes place at Hatfield on Saturday, July 2nd

Air Racing and Defence

By Charles Ward

THE race for the King's Cup takes place at Hatfield on Saturday, July 2nd. This year, a closed circuit of 1000 miles has been chosen, the course being 50 miles in length, and there are, therefore, twenty laps. Turning-points are at Buntingford in Herts and Barton in Beds. It is too early to forecast a winner. Late entries were received up till Saturday last, a day or so before we go to press. Lord Wakefield has entered Geoffrey de Havilland, Junior's machine, and Lady Wakefield is backing Edgar Percival, who is flying one of his own "Mew Gulls." Other pilots of this type are Giles Guthrie and Alex Henshaw. Ken Waller, chief instructor at Brooklands, has a "Vega Gull," and Lawrence Hope a Comper "Swift." The latter won the King's Cup in 1927 and 1928, and is one of the senior pilots in the race. Every fifteen minutes, competitors will be turning round Hatfield Aerodrome at top speed, so that any complaints about lack of thrill are discounted in advance.

OUR failure to realise how serious are the preparations for war or defence—call it what you will—on the Continent, is due in part to isolation. We do not come into contact with foreigners and frontiers every day, and no "persecution" exists in England. Trained observers who have travelled in Europe during the past few months tell an interesting story of the effort being made to secure air power. We are already in arrears with our plan. Any scheme to prepare the country for defence is of value, and for this reason we should support that produced by the Air League for an Air Defence Cadet Corps. In a time of emergency, every able-bodied man and woman will be needed for duties which only adults can perform. Boys are wanted for relief work. The Corps needs 20,000 cadets between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, who will be taught something of the principles of aviation and air-raid precaution work. Air-pilotage is a prize for those most efficient in other duties. Funds are needed to inaugurate the scheme, for like all such "movements" in England, membership is voluntary, and those boys who are poor have to be encouraged by the parents of others who have money to spare. The Air League's headquarters are at Maxwell House, Arundel Street, Strand.

BRITISH AIRWAYS has moved to Heston, taking over the big service hangar which was built last year. This is the first stage in the plan to convert the Great West Road aerodrome into a major airport for London. Three thousand passengers for the Continent will pass through Heston this month, together with many tons of mail and freight. British Airways was formed in October 1935, and opened its service to Sweden in February of the following year. The company flies to Paris six times a day, and is using at the moment fast Lockheed monoplanes on all routes. Towards South America, the route as far as British West Africa will be undertaken this year. The Royal Air Force Flying Club held its fourth annual dinner at the end of last month, an occasion notable for the attendance of Sir Kingsley Wood as guest of honour. The Club exists to provide cheap flying of a non-service character to past and present members of the R.A.F. The carriage of civilians and foreign tours are barred to serving officers of the R.A.F., so that the Club fills a useful gap in this respect alone.

This England . . .

Evening over Salisbury Plain

BROAD acres well tilled must you have if you would grow corn — wheat, oats or the handsome, bearded barley. And much old and intimate knowledge must you have if you are to keep your land "in good heart" as the phrase goes. For the farmer discovered how to rotate the crops and refresh the soil centuries before the scientist learned about the food of plants. Again, the schoolmen of to-day can tell you why the great ale of old England was good for men—food and tonic in one. But the greater wonder is the wisdom of the olden men, knowing not the "why"—knowing only that in the struggle for life, beer such as Worthington (an ancient favourite) would keep them in good heart.

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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

BRITISH drums may be forgiven for beating quite a lot over the victory at Morfontaine, when the side lost only one single and one foursome, for it is the most decisive win there has been since the infant days of French international golf.

The other notable point is that Mlle. Lally Vagliano, who is only seventeen, won both the top foursome, with the help of Mme. Lacoste, from Mrs. Holm and Miss Barton, and also her single from Miss Corlett, thus getting her revenge for Pulborough last year. This beautiful French golfer may very well hold on to the BYSTANDER Girls' Championship Cup, promising as are various British "under-nineteens" who will be at Stoke Poges in September to try and say her nay. And it would seem to be only a question of time—and precious little of that—before Mlle. Vagliano follows in the great footsteps of Mme. Lacoste by adding British to Girls' Championship title.

***This cup,** once a "Bystander" trophy, was fished up from the bottom of a river after several years down there. Miss Helme tells the story on this page*

I DOUBT whether I am sufficiently headline-minded to do justice to the true tale of a BYSTANDER—once *Eve*—Cup that was stolen, given up for lost, replaced, recovered. I must practise the technique of sensation, for some day, when I have nothing to do, it would be fun to write a thriller. For the moment, truth must stand on its own unvarnished legs. Early in the thirties of this century—that, I believe, is the accepted way to begin—the ladies' section of the Tamworth Golf Club, after years of earnest endeavour, won the BYSTANDER Cup for the greatest number of cards, relative to its membership, returned during the year. Whilst held by them the Cup was stolen; hue and cry was unavailing. Time passed. (I always feel that an unnecessary statement: what else can poor time do? However. . . .) The competition became instead "greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons won in one year by any one player"; a new cup was bought, and held successively by various good golfers, the latest of them Mrs. D. P. Milne, of Barrackpore.

The Tamworth Club removed from its old clubhouse on the banks of the canal at Bonehill Park; the Club became Drayton Park G.C.; the theft was forgotten. Then, in April 1938, the powers-that-be ordained, for purposes of their own, the dredging of the canal. In that dredging there reappeared to view a bent and battered object, the BYSTANDER Cup. Hence this photograph. But no player need fear that it will be their reward in any BYSTANDER competition again; labelled "Salvage," it becomes the property of the Phœnix Assurance Company, who supplied its substitute.

TALK of cups reminds me that the Brassey and Dewar Challenge Cups for scratch and handicap medal rounds in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund will be played for at Moor Park on July 5th, with foursomes, mixed or all ladies according to choice, starting up to 6.30 p.m. Entries must reach the Countess of Brecknock, Westbourne House, Westbourne Street, W.2, by July 1st.

***This pair** made away with the trophies at the Ladies' Parliamentary handicap tournament at Aldeburgh. Miss Cradock-Hartopp was the winner, beating Miss Helena Saunderson in the final on the last green*

Lady Brecknock was one of the players at Aldeburgh in the Parliamentary L.G.A. tournament, revelling in the gorse and the nightingales, the bluebells and hawthorn, and the excellence of the course. The general cheery atmosphere was splendid, and it was so satisfactory to see that a backmarker could come through, and that a newcomer could fight. Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp's successful giving of fifty strokes in the course of six rounds may long remain unique, and so may the excitements of the final. In the semi-final she had an unexpectedly easy time against Mrs. McCorquodale, whose strokes failed to come in, and who was beset by trouble all the way. Then Miss Hartopp had to give thirteen, no less, to Miss Helena Saunderson, who had beaten Mrs. Bell, with the aid of five, at the nineteenth, after losing all of a once biggish lead. That had showed how promising Miss Saunderson is, and for fifteen holes she very decidedly had the best of it against Miss Hartopp. But the thrill came at the seventeenth, when Miss Hartopp, having failed to get out of a bunker at the first attempt, actually holed out at the second, to be up for the first time. It was rather remarkable that the week should see a spoon holed by Lady Brecknock for a two, a jigger by Mrs. Percy for a one, and a niblick by Miss Hartopp for a three. There was grand zest about the whole proceedings, and these sort of things certainly added to it.

***This group** was taken on the occasion of a visit by the South African Ladies' golf team to North Wales, when they beat the local ladies by 5—0 at Abergele. Included are Major Arnold, Mr. Mortimer, J. G. Frost, C. H. L. Turner, J. Summers, W. J. Panter, L. Peckover Burrill, L. Swayne, Mrs. Eames, Mrs. Edwards, Misses Wilson Jones, Morrell, Satchwell, and the South Africans Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. I. Douglas, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Witherow, Misses Winter and Long*

AFTER that came Surrey's scramble into divisional finals against Herts, which was in doubt until Miss Fishwick's final putt lay dead at the twenty-fourth hole against Mrs. Guedalla. If that match, trailing on long after players and captains should have been catching trains or arraying themselves for dinner and what-nots, had gone the other way, Middlesex and Sussex would still be fighting, with Surrey out of it, that being the long and short of the position after Middlesex's morning win at Northwood that morning. I have an idea that these two had the best figures of anyone all day, just as Miss Mervyn Barton appeared to be hitting the ball the most perfectly of anyone. At all events, Miss Fishwick was round in 76 to be all square, and had the tie-holes in par figures except where she was stymied at the nineteenth.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

In the reaction from romanticism, the classical silhouette dominates the mid-season collections, and many evening dresses are elaborately draped and swathed in sculptured folds, like the frock on the right from the model gown salons at Harrods, Knightsbridge. This is made in fine silk jersey dyed a soft love-in-a-mist blue. The skirt is diagonally tucked over the hips and falls in graceful statuesque lines, while shirring relieves the simplicity of the corsage. Ostrich feathers are becoming increasingly fashionable and many of the newest models are shown with fluttering feather capes or boas several yards long. The effect is charming, particularly when the plumes are in a contrasting colour, and a matchinghead-dressisworn

Scott Bush.

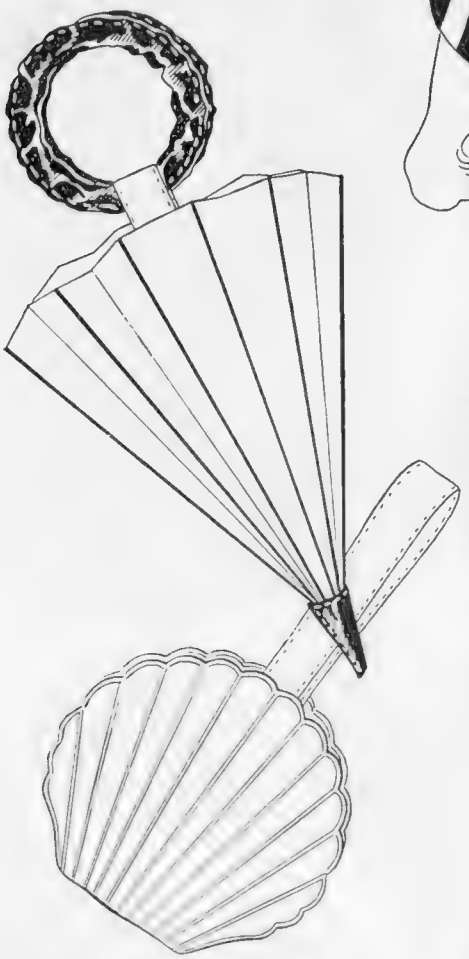
From Head to Foot

Well-cut shoes such as may be seen at Charles Baber, 302, Regent Street, are a joy to wear, as they are all scientifically designed to support the foot where it most needs it. The models pictured on this page are exceptionally smart and come from the American shop on the first floor. A promenade shoe in beige suède and tan calf is seen on the left below for sixty-nine and sixpence. It is toeless and has a high slashed front. Beside it is a new type of walking shoe in two shades of suède, with a sliding fastener and Cuban heel. Included in the group at the bottom of the page is a tie shoe in beige gaberdine and tan calf. The leather in this case is cleverly arranged to come on the inside of the foot, where the shoe tends to get rubbed. A step-in model for town wear is pictured on the right in London tan suède and calf. It is also slashed across the front, and has a Spanish heel

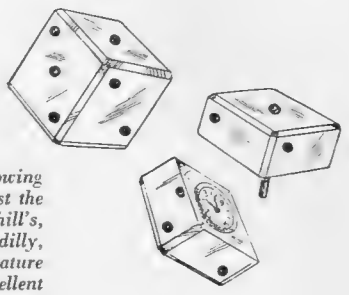
A classic tailormade is something which every woman should possess, as it can be worn on almost any and every occasion. Sharkskin suiting, which always looks fresh and is at the same time delightfully cool, has been chosen for the model above from Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street. It is woven in a fine black and white pin check with red and green horizontal stripes. The link-button jacket is darted at the waist and has unusual revers, while the skirt is straight with a folded pleat in front. An illustrated catalogue quoting prices of different suits and coats has been specially prepared and will gladly be sent post free to all who write for it. It is well worth studying, as there are delightful Cumberland tweed suits for eight and a half guineas ready to wear

Scott Bushe

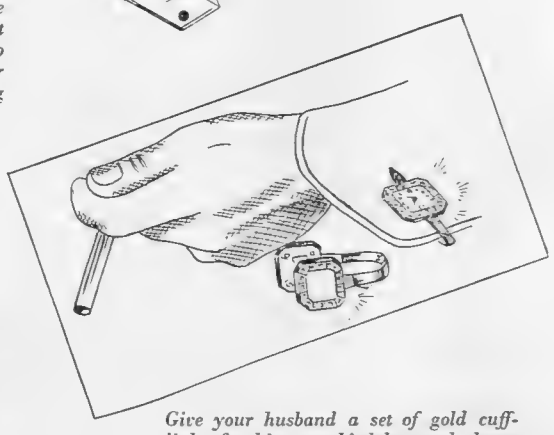
the bystander twins in search of novelties



Next time you go down to the sea, carry your swim-suit and everything you need in this sun-shade beach bag from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It costs a guinea and is covered in white linen lined with waterproof material, and piped with brightly coloured American cloth



You are literally throwing time away when you cast the die on the right from Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly, since it contains a miniature watch. This keeps excellent time in spite of being so small, and will not suffer from vigorous throwing



Another idea in beach bags is to have them in the shape of sea-shells, like this one from Debenham and Freebody. It is available in all sorts of attractive colours and only costs 14s. 9d. The inside is lined with waterproof, and there is a sliding fastener which makes it absolutely safe

Give your husband a set of gold cuff-links for his next birthday and choose the pair above from Dunhill's. They are fitted with a small watch surrounded by precious stones, and will enable him to see the time at a glance

Half the joy of going to Ascot lies in being able to wear really striking clothes. This hat, for example, is nothing more than a small saucer filled with mauve lilac and trimmed with veiling of the same shade. It perches at a precarious angle and may be seen in the model department at Debenham and Freebody

Watches seem to inspire the imagination, and the latest idea is to carry them on a pocket-book. This one in pin seal comes from Dunhill's, and is ideal in every way, as it is so soft and flat. The watch in this case acts as a safety-catch or fastener

Gloria Swanson started a new fashion when she arrived at Southampton wearing her glove slung on her belt. This is what it looked like; altogether an excellent idea for people who are always losing their gloves

Men are often difficult to please where presents are concerned, but a tobacco-pouch is always welcome provided they enjoy a pipe. This one from Dunhill's is made of the softest glove kid, strewn with coloured advertisements. It costs twenty-five shillings and is lined with oilskin

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THIS is Scotland's big motoring week, for from June 6th to 10th the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's Empire Exhibition Rally is being held. Inscribed on the International Calendar for the first time this year, the Scottish Rally has attracted the record entry of 204 cars, which in many cases are to be driven by well-known racing drivers. This particular event has long been famous as the most enjoyable of all motoring fixtures, as the Scots are notable for their hospitality to visitors and the scenery through which competitors are taken is the finest in these Blessed Isles.

THE Rally started from Glasgow on Monday last and the cars were taken by a circuitous route of about two hundred and fifty miles of rugged Highland grandeur to Strathpeffer, which will remain the competitors' headquarters until to-morrow, each day's itinerary ultimately leading back to that beautiful spa. To-morrow, the cars will wend their way back to Glasgow, for Final Eliminating Tests in the grounds of the Scottish Exhibition in Bellahouston Park, the whole affair culminating on Friday with a Coachwork Competition, followed by a reception, dance and presentation of prizes in the R.S.A.C. Clubhouse at Blythwood Square.

The car which I am taking through is the 3½-litre Jensen of which I wrote recently in the BYSTANDER; barring some stupidity on my part, it is certain to do well.

A Vauxhall 10-h.p. Saloon

This smart car has a remarkably economic petrol consumption: 43·4 m.p.g. was the result of an R.A.C. official trial

THERE is, I think, always something interesting for your motoring enthusiast in the tables of existing motoring records. Recently, the complete list of World's, International Class, British and Diesel records current at the end of last March was issued in booklet form by the R.A.C., and an idle glance through its pages has brought to my notice one absolutely astounding record which, I confess, I did not realise existed in such sensational form. I refer to the magnificent performance of Mme. Descollas and her women co-drivers in averaging 148·63 m.p.h. at Montlhéry last May *for two days*.

Think of it—a speed 5 m.p.h. greater than the Brooklands lap record for two days on end! It's stupendous! Their car was the 3631-c.c. Matford-Yacco, and all the drivers concerned were Frenchwomen, their names being Mesdames Siko, Desforet, Descollas and Helle-Nice. During their run, which lasted in all for ten days, they set up no fewer than eleven world's records. Surely this must rank as infinitely the finest performance ever achieved by women in the annals of motor-racing.

A NEW type of shock-absorber which has already proved its efficiency on the racing track has been produced by the Luvax people. It is of the hydraulic piston type, and was fitted to the latest E.R.A. car which, driven by Raymond Mays, won the Coronation Trophy. This car is capable of speeds approaching 150 m.p.h. The chief advantages of this new component, which can be adapted to various patterns of suspension system, are that, by reducing

(*Concluded on page vi*)

TENOVA SOCKS never let you down

Tenova socks stay up under their own power. The band at the top, containing Lastex yarn, adjusts itself instantly to your leg, supports the socks gently but firmly all through the day—and goes to the laundry with them. For town 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. Black Silk for evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

TENOVA self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.

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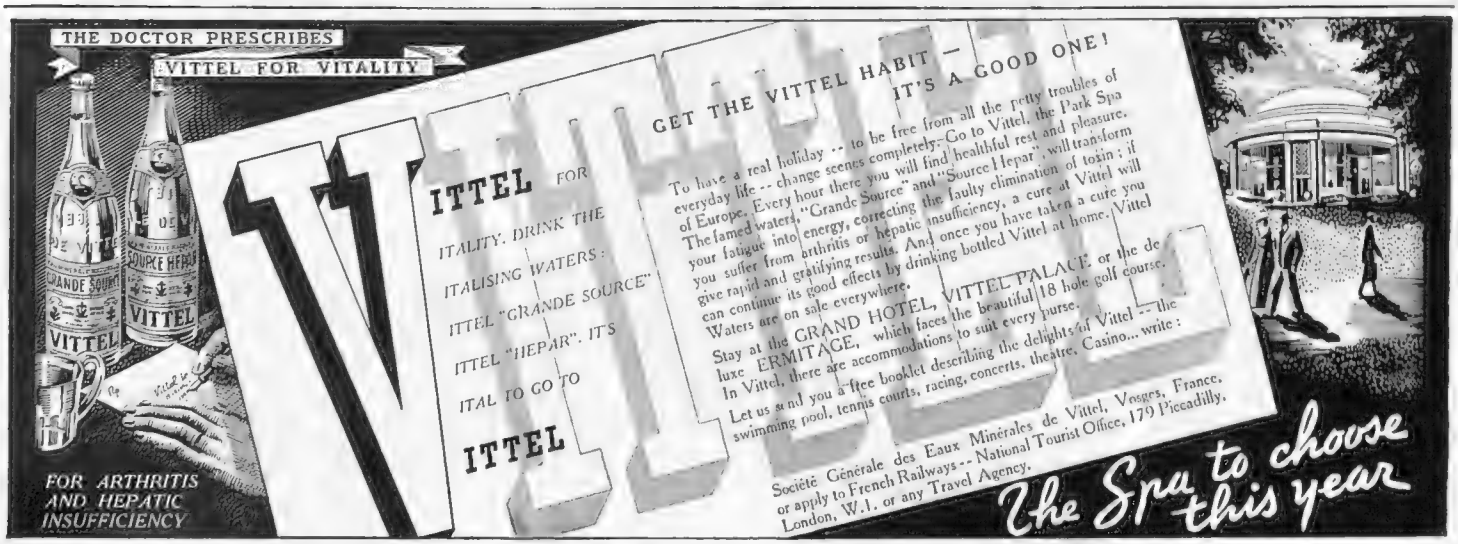

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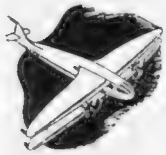
It will be easy to reach the "WORLD'S GREATEST PLAYGROUND" by air. Only 55 minutes are required for the flight from Croydon to Deauville.



AIR SERVICE BEGINS JULY 2

The Olley Air Service, Ltd., will begin its regular Croydon-Deauville flights on July 2. Departure from Horseferry House, London, at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. (Tel. Victoria 6971/4) and from Croydon at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. (Tel. Croydon 5117/8). Fare: Single £3, Return £5. Special BRIGHTON-DEAUVILLE service (only 40 minutes) begins July 29.

COME BY SEA IF YOU PREFER

Deauville is easily reached from Channel ports. Come via Dover-Calais, Newhaven-Dieppe, Folkestone-Boulogne, Southampton-Le Havre. From any of these French ports you can motor to Deauville on excellent roads. There are also direct trains from Paris, St. Lazare in 2 hours.

LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATION AND ACCOMMODATING RATES

Stay at the comfortable NORMANDY HOTEL or the HOTEL DU GOLF which overlooks one of the most beautiful courses on the Continent. Room with bathroom only £1. Room and full board inclusive from £1 11s. The ROYAL HOTEL will open at the end of June.

ALL SPORTS

Two golf links—Polo—Tennis—International Regattas—Physical Culture for Adults and Children—Horse Show—Concours d'Elegance Automobile.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Sat. July 16 and Sun. July 17, AERIAL "RALLY" from Great Britain to Deauville under the patronage of the Royal Aero Club.

AT THE NEW GOLF

Important Golf Tournaments in July. July 10, 11, 12, Amateur-Professional Meeting, July 14, Coupe de Deauville. For information: Secretary, J. G. Gillespie, New Golf Club, Deauville.

July—August—September:

34 Days of HORSE RACES on 2 courses—5,000,000 francs in prizes.

THREE 1938 NOVELTIES

New bright spots in Deauville will be CIRO'S, re-opened under the direction of ALBERT from MAXIM'S, the new TARDET'S BAR, under the management of Maurice d'ARHANPE, while GEORGES CARPENTIER will welcome you at the Deauville Yacht Club. And, as usual, there will be brilliant Galas at the RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS.

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Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page iv)

spring distortion, it ensures steadier steering, controls the springs and checks recoil, prevents front-axle shudder, and resists the torque on the axle when braking. At the same time the design overcomes wear and noise in operation, and permits the use of a fluid possessing nearly constant viscosity at all working temperatures. Dashboard control can be supplied for the larger types.

It is always pleasant to be able to say sincerely nice things about a car, but when that car happens to be a British product—and a product of one of the oldest-established of all British motor manufacturing concerns at that—the pleasure is doubly assured. Thus it affords me the greatest possible satisfaction to be able to record that I have just tested the most delightful car I have ever driven: the "Light Straight-Eight" Daimler. This car exactly fulfils my requirements of a car. It combines a snappy performance with a rare sweetness and extreme comfort with the best of good looks. It inspires its driver with confidence in its ability to do all he may ask of it with docility and certainty, yet with verve and economy. I have driven many cars in my day, yet never have I handled one which so breathed the spirit of thoroughbred tradition as the Daimler "Light Straight-Eight." In it I exceeded three hundred miles in one day, every yard of which filled me with unusual joy in the very act of driving, and I arrived at the end of my journey as fresh as I had been at the start.

It is a large car, yet visibility forward, sideways and aback is excellent—as, indeed, it needs to be in a car with a maximum speed of well over 80 m.p.h. An all-day cruising speed of 70 m.p.h. seems easy in this car, while it accelerates from rest to 30 m.p.h. through the gears (whose pre-selective system, allied with the famous Daimler Fluid Flywheel, simplifies driving to the *nth* degree) in under 6½ seconds. The 26-h.p. engine, which is notably smooth and silent, gives a petrol consumption of 15 to 16 m.p.g., and the servo-assisted mechanical brakes are always powerful yet sweet in exact ratio to the degree of pressure exerted by the driver upon the pedal. The Vanden Plas body fitted to the particular car I tested is the last work in dignified luxury. The driving-seat position is infinitely adjustable, both lateral position and rake being adaptable to individual requirements.

The price of this exceptional example of modern automobile craftsmanship is £1310 (tax £19 10s.). You may say that one *ought* to get a good motor-car for that money. I agree. And in the Daimler "Light Straight-Eight" one does.

Letter to the Editor

(Continued from page 401)

father and his fine education. She wouldn't have anything to do with my business associates, men it would have done me good to be friendly with, keep in with. And when we did happen to have anyone in socially, she used to make remarks—nothing very much, you know, but just things everyone joined in laughing at politely—about my habits and upbringing and looks and so on. It 's hard to put a finger on exactly, for she had such a fine air about her—majestic, you might say she was—but it used to make me feel really uncomfortable, feel a fool, you know, in front of people I 'd been trying to impress.

Then, as I told you, I was a bit sensitive about my height, and I dare say perhaps you might call me a bit of a dandy. But bit by bit my wife got me feeling ashamed of dressing smartly, seemed to think real gentlemen didn't waste time thinking about their clothes. I well remember one day when I was fastening one of my roses in my buttonhole—very interested in rose-growing I always have been—and she came sailing in, looking down at me in that calm, patient way she had. "Will you never learn, dear," I remember she said, "that a florid buttonhole like that is not only vulgar, it makes a small man like you look ridiculous?"

Well, sir, the years passed, and I won't say they were all that could be wished for. Home, as they say, is where the heart is; and I 'm bound to say there wasn't much heart left in me as time went on. After all, it doesn't do a man any good to have his confidence sapped year after year. And, of course, there was the great disappointment to me that we had no children—a great disappointment. Things hadn't gone as I 'd hoped. I hadn't got on so well in the firm, I wasn't as young as I used to be, and, of course, I hadn't got the boy to carry on my name after me that I 'd always wanted.

Still, I didn't complain then and I don't mean to complain now. I 'm only telling you all this so you will understand how I came to make the terrible discovery referred to above in the first part of this tale.

Now my wife and I had been married about thirty years when events began to move. Thirty years is a long time, and, as you will have seen from the above, they hadn't been easy. My wife was a remarkable woman in many ways, and one of the most remarkable things about her was that, although one might truthfully say she had done her best—unconsciously, no doubt—to keep me back in my work, she was always implying that she thought little of me because I hadn't got on. Very galling that was sometimes, as you may imagine, and very often I 've gone out into the garden to have a smoke and cool off a bit—for, although you might not think it, I 'm a man with a bit of a temper once it gets going. And I used to swear to myself out there sometimes that I 'd get on yet, and show her she 'd married a Somebody, in spite of all she said—and didn't say.

Well, one day the chance came. One of those chances in a million that young men never think anything of, and older men never forget, as you might say. I met a chap I hadn't seen for years, that had started out in business for himself, and done very well. And he told me his manager had just gone and died of pneumonia, and he was looking about for someone to take the job.

Think of it! Me getting on for sixty and suddenly getting a chance like that; not the success I 'd dreamed of, of course, but a good deal nearer it than I 'd thought of getting at my time of life.

Well, I seized the bull by the horns, as you might say, and I asked him and his wife to supper one night. I reckoned that, over a glass of wine, in a comfortable home like mine looked, I could do more to impress him with being the steady, sensible kind of man he was looking for than in any other way.

I didn't tell my wife much about it. All I said was an important old friend was coming round and I was hoping she 'd do her best to help him enjoy himself. Beyond a remark or two about the inconvenience of having strangers in, and hoping they were presentable, she didn't say much.

Well, sir, they came, and I must say my wife did them very well. A fine dinner it was, and her looking very handsome at the end of the table. And over a glass of wine, when the two ladies had withdrawn, he and I got on like a house on fire, as you might say. Of course, I made out I was getting on famously where I was, and wouldn't think of changing; but I could see the idea forming in his mind that I was the man he wanted for the job.

We went in to join the ladies, and all was gas and gaiters, as they say, for quite a time. And then suddenly my friend happens to say to my wife how energetic and well I 'm looking after all these years, and how I don't seem to have changed a bit. And my wife smiles at him very graciously and then she looks at me in that calm patient way—I can see her now, she was setting an ashtray straight as she did it—and she says: "Do you think so? I suppose it 's the toupé that makes him look younger than he really is."

Now you may laugh, at that, sir, and I suppose now I can understand why. But at the time it seemed as though my wife's words had turned me into a block of ice—ice and raging fire inside. My friend and his wife didn't know where to look, and I couldn't say a word. I was mad—plain mad, sir, with rage. For even if he would 've taken me on, after having been so embarrassed on my account, and having discovered my little weakness in the matter of my baldness, I could never have taken the job—not after that. Never. I tell you solemnly, sir, that remark of my wife's killed stone-dead the last bit of self-confidence I had left. I could never have borne to work in an office with that man, and know he was laughing at me, and his staff, too, most likely, on account of my little weakness. Never—never!

They went soon after that, naturally, and all the time I was cold—cold as ice and raging inside. As I walked up and down in the garden afterwards, I suddenly seemed to see how I 'd been hating my wife for years, hating and putting up with it. And now it had all come out, and was burning and blazing away inside the husband she thought was such a meek little nobody.

Well, the rest is ancient history, as they say. There was a tin of weed-killer in the garden shed. I took it into the house, and I made her a cup of hot milk, and I took it up, and I gave it to her. She was a bit surprised, but she didn't say anything, just took it and drank it down as though it was right I should wait on her.

But it 's only to-night, while I was thinking things over a bit, that I realised how things have worked out just as my wife would have wanted. And that 's why I write to you, sir, to tell you my wife is a murderess. She murdered herself through me, sir, for as sure as I 'm writing this, she drove me to give her that hot milk that night. She 's as much to blame—more than I am—for what happened.

But that 's not all. She murdered me. Year after year she 'd been slowly killing the man I was, bit by bit; and now she 's finished the job properly. For, as you very well know, sir, I am hanging for her to-morrow. [THE END

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to each her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Yevonde

Elizabeth Papillon

Elizabeth Anne Papillon is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Papillon, of Crowhurst Park, Sussex. She announced her engagement last month to Stephen Alers Hankey, youngest son of Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Hankey, of Binderton House, Chichester

Cannons of Hollywood

Averil Loyd

Averil Loyd is the only child of the late Major Lewis Loyd and of Mrs. Ralph Stobart, of Chatley Wood, Ringwood, Hants., and 35, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3. She is engaged to Thomas Marsham-Townshend, Scots Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marsham-Townshend, of Scadbury Park, Chislehurst, Kent

Sir Michael and Lady Nairn's youngest daughter will be married during the summer to Sandy Hutchison, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hutchison, of Strathairly, Upper Largo, Fife. Her father is the second Baronet, and lives at Elie House, Fife. She hunts with the Fife, and her fiancé is a well-known G.R.

Yevonde

Elizabeth Hornung

Elizabeth Ann Hornung, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Hornung, of Glebe House, West Grinstead, Sussex, is engaged to Brian Newton Adams, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Adams, of 37, Melbury Court, W.8. Her younger sister Veronica is one of this year's debs

Cannons of Hollywood

Elizabeth Barbara Nairn

Stuart Hamilton

Jean Heron-Maxwell

Lenare

Margot Graham Brown

The elder daughter of L. Graham Brown, of 5, Robert Adam Street, W.1, is engaged to Bertram Aykroyd, youngest son of Sir Frederic Aykroyd, Bt., and Lady Aykroyd, of Birstwith Hall, Harrogate, Yorks. Margot Graham Brown came out last year, and was presented by Dame Margaret Lloyd George

Jean Norah Heron-Maxwell is engaged to Anthony Sancroft Baker, of East Tytherton, Chippenham, Wilts. She is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Ivor Heron-Maxwell and Lady Heron-Maxwell, of 6, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8, and sister of the present Baronet, who came of age last year

Lenare

Pansy Hope Fisk

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Hope Fisk, of Copnor Manor House, Portsmouth; she is engaged to Sub-Lt. Michael John Royston, R.N., only son of Engineer-Captain and Mrs. Lionel Smith, of Parkstone Avenue, Southsea

Lenare

Barbara Grigg

Is the younger daughter of Major R. S. Grigg and Mrs. Hilda Grigg, of 30, Princes Court, Brompton Road, London; her fiancé is William Robert Mansfield, of Hong Kong, son of the late W. H. Mansfield and Mrs. Mansfield, of Crowborough, Sussex

Catherine Bell

Diana Katherine Howard

Is the eldest daughter of Major Henry Howard, of 4, Argyll Road, Kensington, and Mrs. Millicent Howard, of Little Tangley, Guildford. She is to marry Richard Marcus Beresford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. A. Beresford, of Lydgate House, Hunstanton

Douglas

Pamela Lilian Blyth

Is the only daughter of Capt. Douglas Blyth, M.C., of Lanikai, Honolulu, and Mrs. William Miller, of 9, Trevor Place, Knightsbridge; she is engaged to Hereward Theodore Hewitt Drysdale, elder son of the late Dr. Theodore Drysdale and Mrs. Drysdale, of 59, Princes Court, Knightsbridge

Walker-Smith — Etherton

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Derek Walker-Smith, younger son of Sir Jonah and Lady Walker-Smith, of 8, Heath Close, Hampstead, married Dorothy Etherton, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Louis Etherton, of 10, Onslow Square, South Kensington

Mayen, Hong Kong

Wheeler — Fullbrook

Surg. Lt.-Comdr. Stanley John Wheeler, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wheeler, of Oaklands, Enfield, Middlesex, married Daphne Laurie Fullbrook, at St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong. She is the daughter of the late L. A. Fullbrook and Mrs. Fullbrook, of Cathay Mansions, Shanghai

Lenare

Tonge — Barr

Maurice Tonge and Cecile Barr were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. He is the son of the late G. A. Tonge and Mrs. Tonge, of White Lodge, Cheveley, Newmarket; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Barr, of Grinshill Grange, Shrewsbury

Kemp-Gee — Mackilligin

Bernard Maurice Kemp-Gee, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Kemp-Gee, of 51, New Cavendish Street, W., and East Lynden, Ticehurst, Sussex, married Ann Mackilligin, at Holy Trinity, Claygate, Surrey. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Mackilligin, of Foley Lodge, Claygate, Surrey

Hinde — Taylor

Gerald George Langford Hinde, Royal Signals, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. T. L. Hinde, of Dawson Place, Mansions Hotel, Pembridge Square, W.2, and Jean Cowen Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Taylor, of Staplegordon, Seale, were married at Seale Parish Church, Surrey

Bushe — Santour-Sells

Charles Kendal Grattan Bushe and Pamela Santour-Sells, were married at Chelsea Register Office. His father, Sir Henry Grattan Bushe, of 4, The Mansions, S.W.5, is legal adviser to the Colonial Office; her father, Mr. Santour-Sells, of Jersey, C.I., is editor of the "Jersey Agricultural News"

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Compressed Guide to London's Amusements

June 8th—14th

THE BEST ON THE STAGE

AMPHITRYON 38.—Giraudoux's comedy played by the Lunts is fare for epicures: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine: Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 105.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion. 8.30. Tues., Sat. 2.30.

First Nights

NO SKY SO BLUE.—Gordon Harbord's musical from Manchester has Lea Seidl, Cyril Raymond and Gertrude Niesen: Savoy, to-night, 8th.

THE SUN NEVER SETS.—Adapted from *Sanders of the River*, this play has Leslie Banks as that person, Edna Best, Mackenzie Ward: Drury Lane, Thurs., 9th.

THE BEST ON THE SCREEN

BLOCKADE (American).—Madeleine Carroll's newest film is with Henry Fonda and is set in warring Spain: London Pavilion.

BREAK THE NEWS (British).—Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier, June Knight are the stars: René Clair the director; Cole Porter the composer: result, a first class comedy: Leicester Square

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life and death of a passion: Rialto

J'ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

THE MIRROR (Austrian).—Paula Wessely, Attila Hörbiger, Peter Petersen in a strong, simple story of the medical world: Berkeley

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery

TEST PILOT (American).—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in an exciting flying film: Empire.

Premiere

ORAGE (French).—Charles Boyer's film with Michèle Morgan is strongly emotional; premiere in aid of the Feathers Club: Curzon, to-night, 8th.

LOT'S WIFE.—Peter Blackmore specially wrote this for Nora Swinburne; Cecil Parker is Mr. John Lot, the set is in Asia Minor: Whitehall. Fri., 10th

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Jock McKay is Bottom, Oriel Ross is Helena, Margaret Dulac is Hermia: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, Tues., 14th.

OPERA and BALLET

THE INTERNATIONAL OPERA SEASON.—Covent Garden. Nightly. Mon. to Fri., at varying times (see dailies)

THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A seven weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas opened at the Scala on Mon., 30th.

BALLETS JOOSS.—*The Green Table* and eight other ballets form the programme: Old Vic.," 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COSI FAN TUTTE.—The second opera at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park 8.15. Sat., 2.30

SOCIAL and SPORTING

In and Out of Town

"BYSTANDER" WOMEN'S SCOTTISH FOURSOMES.—Nairn, to-day, 8th (until Sat.).

THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.—To-day, 8th (10 days).

MAY RACES.—The climax of the intercollegiate rowing year at Cambridge, to-day, 8th (until Sat.).

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.—Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards' Parade: Thurs., 9th.

ROYAL HORSE SHOW.—Richmond, Fri., 10th, and Sat., 11th.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.—The first Test Match, Nottingham, Fri., 10th (4 days).

THE WIGHTMAN CUP.—Lawn tennis matches between U.S. and British women begin at Wimbledon, Fri., 10th (2 days).

ROEHAMPTON POLO CUP.—A week's play starts on Sat., 11th.

RANELAGH OPEN POLO CUP.—A week's play ends on Sat., 11th.

NUFFIELD TROPHY MOTOR RACE.—Donington Park, Sat., 11th.

T.T. MOTOR CYCLE RACES.—The first is on Mon., 13th, Isle of Man.

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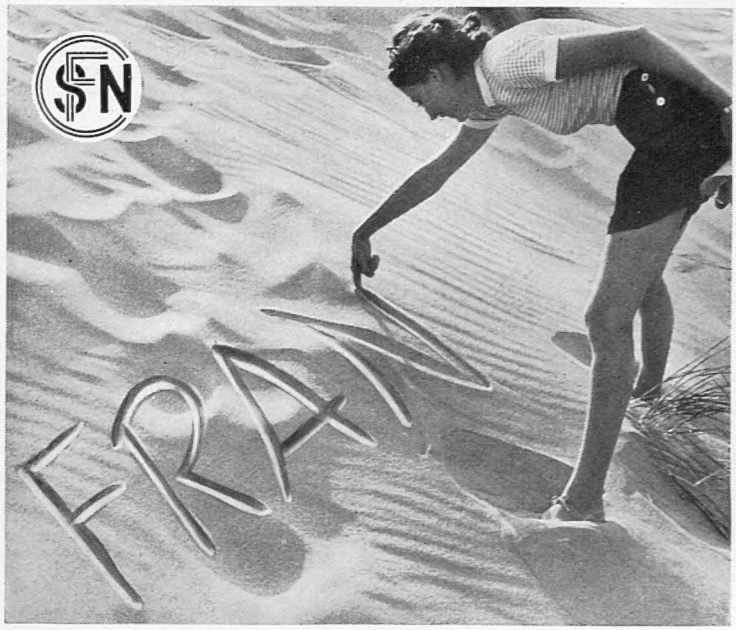

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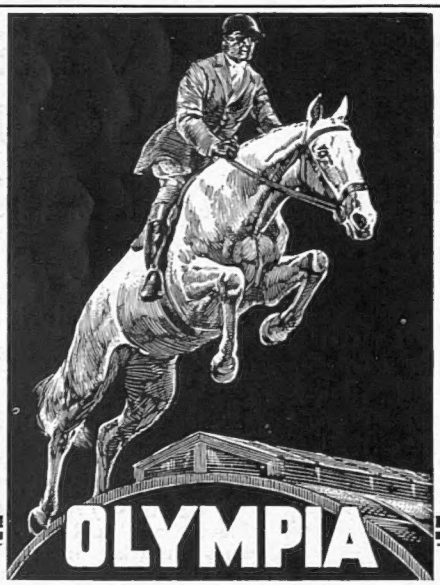

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A new Social Centre

The Western Isles Hotel is a de luxe hotel with the friendly comfort and personal service of a country club.

These, plus food of superlative quality, perfectly prepared and served, golf on David Adam's famous course, tennis, fishing (river, loch and sea), yachting, swimming, climbing, a wonderful climate, bright sunshine and 20 hours daylight in summer, have made the Western Isles a new social centre.

An express train with restaurant and sleeping cars leaves London in the evening and you are in Tobermory not long after breakfast.

Write for brochure to P. E. DeLion, Manager, Western Isles Hotel, Tobermory, Scotland.

The **WESTERN ISLES HOTEL**
ISLE OF MULL · SCOTLAND

There's a little chestnut filly
By the name of Khatmandu,
It was trained somewhere in Surrey so I'm told.
It was entered for a classic,
Though I can't remember which
And at 88-1 it
knocked 'em cold.
I was told the fact
by DUGGIE
The Lad who has No limit,
The turf accountant with
a heart of gold.

It was Jimmie ("Ace") Carewe –
Just the sort of thing he'd do
Had a fiver on the filly for a win.
Wiring Duggie from the course
That he wished to back the horse
At the time the race was scheduled to begin.
For of course he knew that DUGGIE
Was the Lad who has No limit
And he wanted to be certain of his tin.

Who's the very famous bookie
Who never, NEVER owes?
Find another man who would
have paid our Jim.
With the horse's name spelt wrong,
And the price so very long,
You must admit the chance is
pretty slim,
But he got his cheque from DUGGIE
The Lad who has No limit.
THE MORAL IS: Place all your
bets with him.

Duggie
- the Lad with NO limit

is waiting to open a Credit Account with you.

DOUGLAS STUART - STUART HOUSE - SHAFTESBURY AVE - LONDON - W.C.2